

The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

MAY 5,
1954

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Number*





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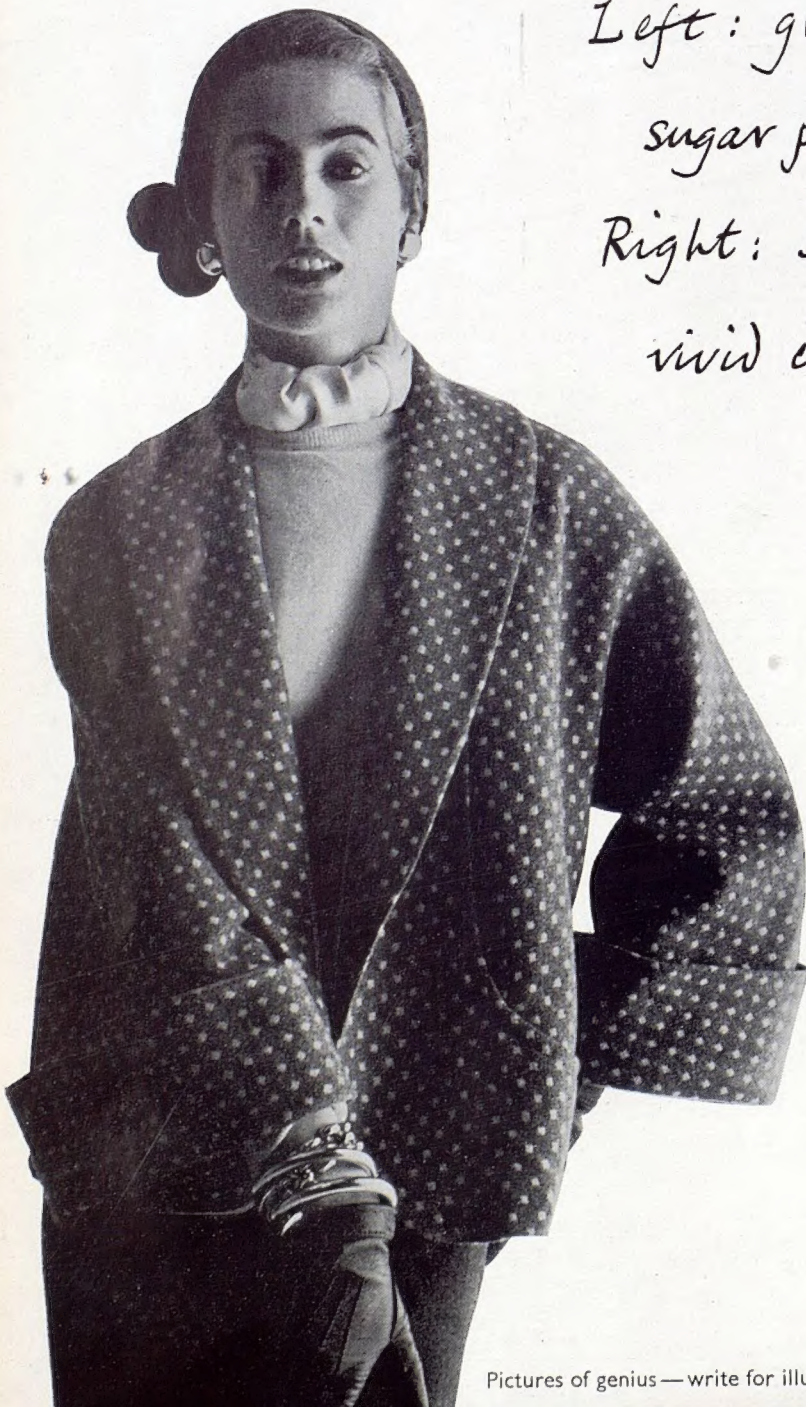
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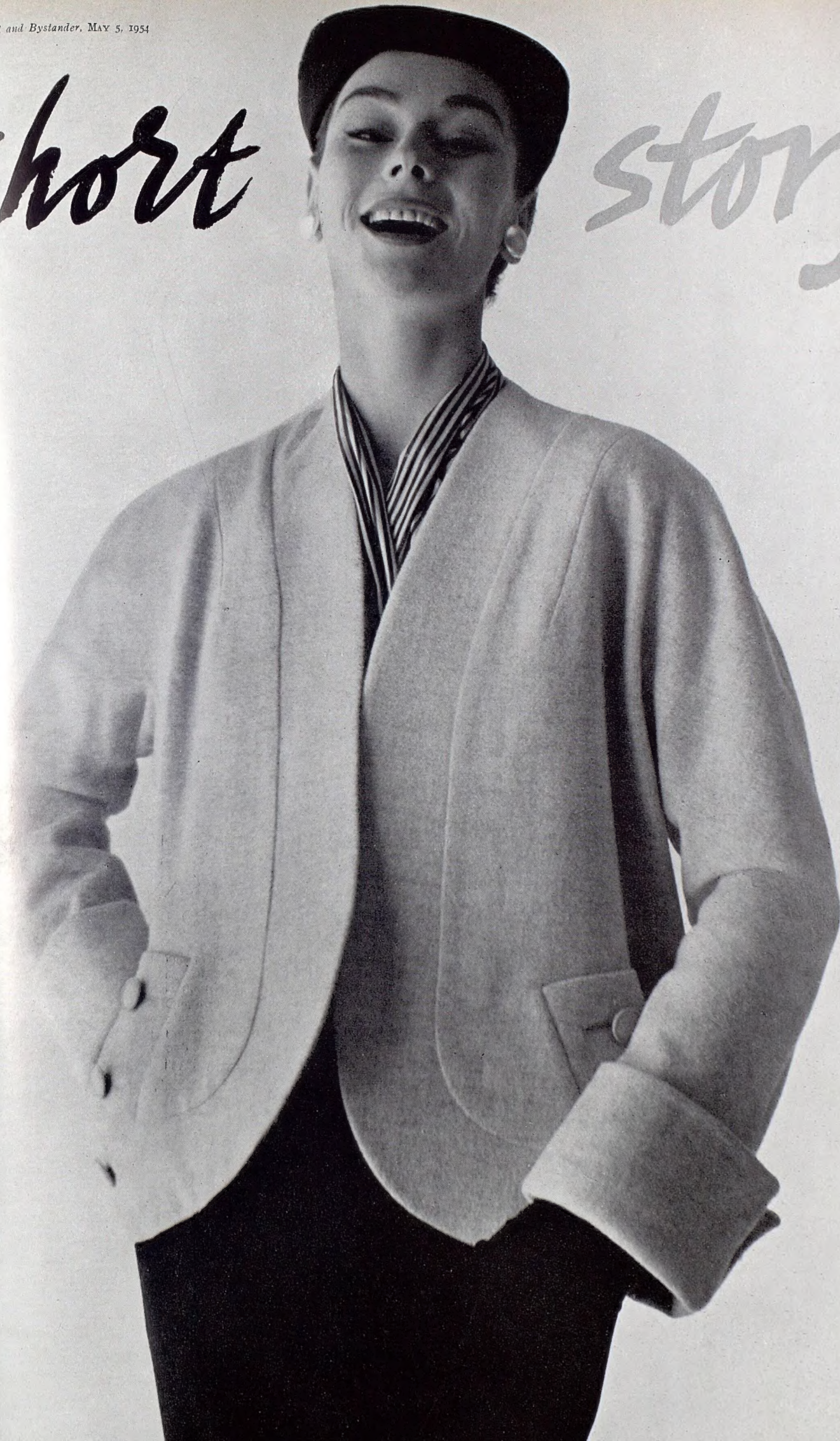
Right: soft natural woollen; also in
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Bickler

LOTHES

short story!





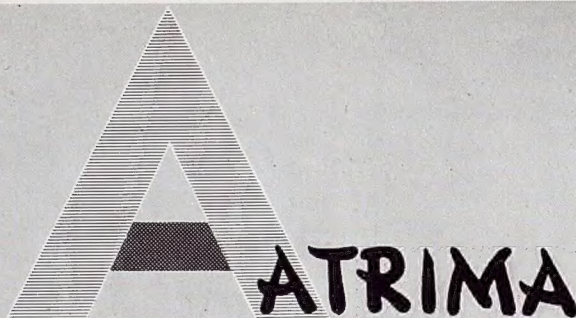
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Horrockses

The TATLER and Bystander, MAY 5, 1954





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Dramatic prints . . . brilliantly coloured
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Sheath or wide whirling skirt.
Navy, Cognac, Lime, Cherry,
Parma, Misty Grey, Vieux Rose, Sea Blue.
Sizes 12 to 18. About ten guineas.

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Shantung **18½ gns**

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is no longer to miss
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pite all the attention focussed on the fashion problems of the shorter woman, you "Tatler" reader, with your demanding standards, have, until now, been left precisely where you were—envying the tall, willowy types their good fortune in being able to 'walk into' a Phyllis Taylor model—while *you* must resort to a dressmaker to get the immaculate fit which was theirs as a shopping right. Envy them no longer. These elegant dresses are now available in Phyllis Taylor "Court" Sizes scaled down in every fashion-conscious detail to your height, irrespective of your measurements. At last you are 'stock-size' by model fashion house standards. Assuming, for instance, that your taller counterpart in bust and hip measurements takes a Phyllis Taylor Size 16, *your* size is 'COURT' 16, and so on through the whole size range.



Hats by Madge Chard

Phyllis Taylor

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Pure silk, supple yet crisp... the fabric that has floated into the big Paris collections, now appears in these youthful Summer styles.

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Both in sizes 9, 11, 13 and 15.
Personal Shoppers Only
Junior Miss and Younger Set, First Floor

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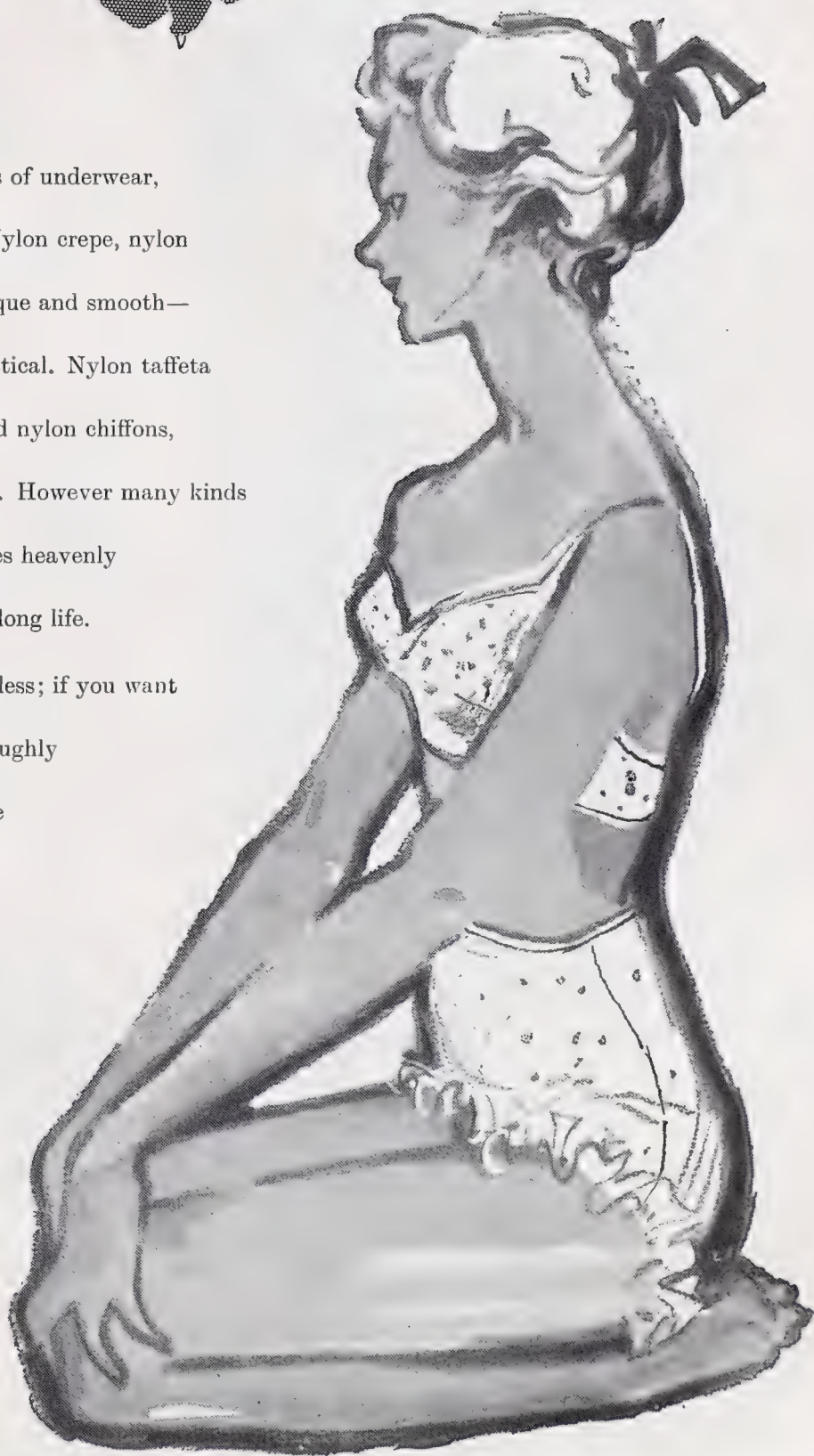
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has it all ways



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over 100 ft. above ground
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14½ gns.

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Gently moulds—and holds—the lithe 'line' so essential for the off-the-shoulder occasions.

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KESTOS



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Uplift with an American accent . . . rounded, emphatic. A brassiere for moderns to revel in.



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KNIGHTSBRIDGE

S.W. 1

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Hair (hair)

Scissors (scissors)

Comb (comb)

Sleek (sleek)

Flip (flip)

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Teasie (weasie)

Silver Lustre (just a touch, now, a touch)

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Yours? (yours!)



Raymond



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18 GRAFTON STREET • MAYFAIR • LONDON (Mayfair 9847) Purely Hairdressing
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'Giselle'

made from American Power-Net

The strength, stretch and lightness of American 'Nylon Power-Net' is famed throughout the States.

We have used this wonder fabric in our oh-so-flattering corselette *Giselle* . . . to give you the slender, willowy line.

And for those who prefer it, there's our lovely above-the-waist girdle . . . a wisp of a girdle, lighter than words can say. Don't miss that.

Giselle girdles and corselettes are both made in small, medium and large sizes, available in good shops everywhere.



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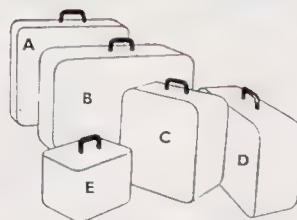
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Elizabeth Arden's sensational new discovery in powder, created in France by a secret process. This is actually an invisible veil of powder, unbelievably fine. It goes on so softly without misting or flying; a light

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Invisible Veil is presented in seven graduated shades in an exquisite flowered box 22/6

Elizabeth Arden



MAY 5
1954

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PRINCE, PRINCESS AND PADDLING POOL

FASCINATING things, rock pools. And in Malta Prince Charles, finding one, splashes his feet in and out with delighted concentration. Princess Anne, somewhat less confident, is introduced to it by Countess Mountbatten, Earl Mountbatten looking on. A pleasant incident during the Royal children's stay at Malta en route to Tobruk in the Britannia

AT THE RACES

Two Colts For The Derby

• *Subretache* •



A DISTINGUISHED Laureate, Tennyson if I remember rightly, once wrote: "The form, the form alone, is eloquent"; but he had no thought of race-horses when he did so, because he knew nothing at all

about them, or any other kind of horse, and would have been dumbfounded if you had talked to him about "make and shape," yet how important those things are, especially over the Epsom Ups and Downs.

Taking a bird's-eye view about this year's race there are only about two colts who are really cut to fit that very taxing course: the American-bred Ambler II and Darius. Landau can be marked *prox. acc.*, but he may not be everybody's cup of tea. He is not ideal in front. Furthermore, he is not very reassuring, and his defeat in the Column Produce Stakes did not give him a very good ticket for the Classic; in fact I think it would be risky to back him. His sort may race or may not. It all depends on how they feel about it at the crucial moment.

DARIUS is one of the kind that might break anybody's bank or make his fortune; but purely on make and shape no one ought to crab him. If we could rely upon him, which is not quite possible, he might be ideal. Ambler II can be placed in the same category so far as his make and shape are concerned, and he has the added advantage that he seems to like racing. We have seen very little of him, because, at the time of writing, he has only run twice, when he won. He is in a stable (C. Boyd-Rochfort's) where they know all about getting a classic colt ready, and his main objective is now the Derby. Infatuation, the Dewhurst winner, must be a good one, and if it were one and a half miles at Newmarket I do not think that we need bother very much about anything else, but it must be confessed that he is inclined to be a bit "on the leg," and, as a rule, that kind of formation is not very well suited to a course like the one over which the Derby is run. The steep descent is all against them, but at the same time I believe that Infatuation may be a bit exceptional.

EPSOM calls for the activity of a cat plus the staying power of a wolf; something quick enough off the mark to give it time to pick its own place before starting on that longish journey down the hill to Tattenham Corner. The rest is plain sailing if the horse is good enough.

Little Steve Donoghue always maintained that the Derby could be won or lost in the first few furlongs, and as he won more Derbies than most, he ought to have known. In that excellent and amusing book *Sport From Within*, Mr. Frank Atherton Brown mentions Steve's view and he is about the only person who has, and he knew Steve very well; however the big race is some distance off and we are sure to see a good many changes before the date.

Infatuation may not win the Derby because he is not the right shape for that course, but here and now I'll take a risk and tip him to win the Leger for that dead galloping course ought to suit him and I have not the slightest doubt about his staying the distance. I cannot see any other colt more likely to get over a distance of ground.



QUEEN MOTHER'S SMILE
FOR BADMINTON RIDER

As the bright spring sunlight struck down through the trees already coming into leaf, members of the Royal party gathered to watch the entries assembling for an event

FINEST ART OF HORSEMANSHIP

THE Olympic Trials at Badminton continued this year their triumphant way with even greater success than previously. They were graced by the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who saw, with the huge crowd, riding of a quality, and training of a thoroughness, which a few years ago was considered the monopoly of the Continental establishments of Haute École



Brig. R. Heathcoat-Amory and his wife were with Mrs. Peter Clifford enjoying the morning's proceedings



Earl Fortescue, with Lady Violet Vernon, Mrs. Henry Allsopp and Lady Avise Spicer, from nearby Spye Park

As Miss Pat Sutcliffe rode past on Can-can they received a smile of approval from the Queen Mother and the Princess, with whom were (right) the Duke of Beaufort and Prince William, (left) Mrs. M. Ansell and Sally Ansell and (behind) Lady Caroline Somerset

Continued overleaf

Continuing —

THE BADMINTON STORY

VERY strong performances in the Olympic trials were put up by riders from Ireland, and Army horsemen, but the surprise—a very pleasant one—of the three days was the carrying-off of the premier trophy by a lady rider, Miss M. Hough on her Olympic reserve mare, Bambi V. She received a loud and prolonged ovation for her fine performance



Miss Margaret Hough, who comes from Farnworth, near Bolton, Lancs, receives the Challenge Cup from the Queen Mother



Mr. Geoffrey Cross, chairman of the Royal Richmond Horse Show, chatting with Sir Henry Abel Smith



Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cridland, with canine friend, were just leaving the car park to go to the course



Mrs. Rupert de Zoete and Mrs. M. V. Gibbs were discussing the best point to see the cross-country event



The Hon. Mrs. Trevor Horn, sister of Lord Glentoran, was in company with Mrs. Maurice Kingscote



The Duchess of Northumberland with Lady Mary Rose Williams, who took part in the jumping event



Two very interested overseas spectators were Miss R. J. Norton (right) from California, and Mrs. S. T. R. Sargent, visiting Commissioner for the Pony Club of Western Canada, who were with Mrs. Peter White (left)



IN THE EXOTIC and impressive Audience Hall at Kandy, Ceylon, with its arches of flowers, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were introduced to local dignitaries. The occasion was a reception held in their honour by the Kandian chiefs

After the ceremony the bridal party and about one hundred of the guests, including the Guard of Honour from the bridegroom's regiment, went down to Northolt Airport where they had a buffet luncheon and a wedding cake. Then the bride and bridegroom with their pages, bridesmaids, best man Capt. D. Watts, and forty guests, took off in one of the new Viscounts on the Aer Lingus service to Dublin. Here more friends and relatives had gathered at Colinstown Airport to greet them, and the guests proceeded to the reception at the bride's lovely home, Hilltown, near Drogheda, where nearly 700 friends from all parts of Ireland had come to wish the young couple happiness.

Brig. Boylan and Mrs. Boylan, who wore a dark blue silk dress with a small pink and blue hat, and the bridegroom's mother Lady Bell in grey with a large black hat, stood at the entrance to the baronial hall for over an hour greeting guests, who moved on to shake hands with the bride and bridegroom, the bride looking as radiant, and her wedding dress and veil as fresh and lovely, as when she first walked up the aisle in London five hours earlier. Guests were able to see the varied and useful presents which filled two rooms and included fine silver and beautiful glass, among which was a magnificent set of table glass from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGrath. The beautiful floral decorations, arranged by Lady Musgrave, were also greatly admired.

THE grounds of Hilltown, with daffodils, forsythia and rhododendrons flowering, looked beautiful in the spring sunshine. A big marquee had been built beside the house, where the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake. The Earl of Fingall, who has known the bride since she was a child, proposed the health of the young couple with an amusing short speech to which the bridegroom replied.

I met the Countess of Fingall, Lady de Freyne, whose son Lord de Freyne was married earlier this spring and is now away on his honeymoon in America, and Sir Christopher Musgrave, who with Lady Musgrave and their son Dick were spending the weekend with Col. Tom Cairns, who was among the many in the district putting up guests for the wedding, Viscount Powerscourt and his daughter the Hon. Grania Wingfield, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, the latter chic in a red and black printed dress with a black hat, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Tighe and their daughter Lady Crofton, and Brig. and Mrs. Dominic Browne, the latter in a long lime yellow coat and hat to match. All had been at the airport to greet the couple.

Brig. and Mrs. Browne's small son Peter, wearing a replica of the 3rd Hussars full dress, deputized

(Continued on page 267)

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Wedding Party Flew To Dublin

ORGANIZING any wedding, even with the reception in a hotel—which is the easiest way to have it—is a big undertaking, but to organize a wedding in London with the reception the same day in Ireland must have meant indeed a lot of careful planning. Brig. and Mrs. Edward Boylan are both brilliant organizers and "Operation Orange Blossom" as the arrangements for their daughter Anne's wedding to Capt. Michael Dewey of the 3rd Hussars were so aptly described, were superbly planned and went through smoothly from start to finish.

The ceremony, conducted by Father Sir Lewis Clifford, assisted by Father Lanfranchi, took place in the little St. Anne's Church in Abbey Orchard

Street, Westminster, which was beautifully decorated with spring flowers. The bride had chosen pink for her retinue, and a faint pink tinge was shot through the white satin of her classically cut wedding dress and her long voluminous tulle veil which was held in place by a diamond tiara.

There were two small pages, Barry Gubbins and Lovell Pank, who wore replicas of the 3rd Hussars full dress uniform. The two small bridesmaids, Jacqueline Simonds and Anne Gubbins, wore long pink net dresses while the older bridesmaids, Miss Amanda Dewey the bridegroom's cousin, Miss Grania Bevan and the bride's cousin Mrs. Staniland, who was a very active and busy matron of honour, wore dresses of the finest pink lace and had head-dresses of anemones and other spring flowers.



THE ROYAL COUPLE were conducted by the Chancellor, Lord Soulbury, round the new buildings at Ceylon University. The Duke performed the opening ceremony



Intently following an exciting incident from the Stewards' stand were Mr. G. D'O Sheppard, Clerk of the Course, Mr. A. Blyth and Mrs. P. J. Mitchell, veterinary surgeons, Mr. T. T. Streeter, Lt.-Col. R. L. Bristowe, T.D., and Lt.-Col. G. H. Illingworth, M.B.E.

ESSEX UNION HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

A WARM day with brilliant sunshine gave the best possible send-off to the Essex Union Hunt 'chases, at Malgraves Farm, near Laindon. All the five events were closely contested, before a gathering of very knowledgeable spectators, the opening race resulting in that very unusual occurrence, a dead heat for first place



Miss Monica Watson presents the winner's cup to Miss A. Butler, who won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies Race on Tobacco



In the paddock to watch the parade before the Ladies Race were Mr. and Mrs. F. Harris and Miss Patricia Harris



Mr. and Mrs. Robin Schlee were much amused by an incident which occurred in the Heatley Cup race



Miss V. Wright's cap was adjusted by Mr. G. F. Wright. She rode Tartan Eagle in the Ladies Race



Mr. Tim Derouet, Mr. R. Willis Fleming, Mrs. C. Sidgwick and Miss Hope Yates were enjoying a picnic lunch



Desmond O'Neill
Going to weigh-in after riding Rurple-Stilt-Skin to a dead-heat in the Heatley Cup was Mr. G. H. Barber



Mrs. Leo Genn and Mrs. Frankland Moore had come to discuss the International Exhibition and Sale planned for June 23 and 24



Mrs. Cyril Ross, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, under whose chairmanship the meeting took place, and Lady Reid-Dick



Clayton Evans

Meeting At St. James's Palace To Discuss A Venture For Raising Funds For The Victory Club

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Bridegroom's C.O. Was There

from the airport for Lovell Pank who did not travel from London.

Other guests at Hilltown included Col. Noel Hall, who commands the bridegroom's regiment, and flew over with the bridal party, Mr. David and Mr. Martin Dewey, the bridegroom's brothers who had both got leave from their regiments overseas, Capt. Edward Boylan and Mr. Desmond Boylan, the bride's brothers, and Major and Mrs. Robbins whose young son and daughter were page and bridesmaid. Also there were Sir Cecil and Lady Trafford-King-Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit Addington, Col. and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochford and Col. and Mrs. Evelyn Shirley who were among the young couple's many racing friends, with that and veteran sportsman Capt. Harry Fowler, who, undaunted at ninety-seven, still goes racing throughout the year. His nephew Brig. "Frizz" Fowler and Mrs. Fowler and her attractive daughter Miss Sarah Walford were already at the reception.

OTHERS there were the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett, Miss Victoria de Rutzen, Lt.-Col. Frankie and Mrs. Boylan and their daughter Frances who wore a blue grosgrain suit, and Miss Yolande Calvocoressi, who was among the party staying with them. Miss Maribel Mahony came with her fiancé Mr. Pat Martin the polo player, who was in the Irish Guards as was her father Brig. Mahony. I also met the Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson wearing a mink coat over her silk dress, the Hon. Corbally and Mrs. Stourton talking to Senator McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Dunne-Cullinan, Prince and Princess d'Ardia di Caracciolo, Mrs. Wingfield, who was going over to London the following week with her débutante daughter Deirdre and will be entertaining for her during the season, Mr. Richard Kelly—his son Ted had won the Ward Hunt Cup a few days before for the second year running—Miss Maeve Marnan, whose brother Mr. John Marnan had just been made a Q.C., Miss McGrath, prominent in the organizing of the Dublin Horse Show, Lady Goulding in a green and black printed dress and Mr. Jack Parr who breeds many winners at his Athboy Stud.

After the reception the bride and bridegroom

went left to fly back to London and then on to Majorca the next morning for their honeymoon.

Photograph of the wedding will be found on pages 271-3.

★ ★ ★

IN the restful pale green double drawing-room of their Prince's Gate flat, Mrs. Lister Hartley gave a very happy cocktail party for her débutante daughter Dinah, an exceptionally well-mannered girl with great charm. Mrs. Hartley was an indefatigable hostess looking after her young guests, and besides her daughter, had her husband and her son, Mr. Christopher Hartley, to help her.

Although it seemed that nearly every girl who is coming out this season was there, and plenty of young men, I have only space to mention a few. Firstly, Miss Jennifer Burrows looking very pretty in blue, then Miss Janet Illingworth, very neat and well turned out, Miss Fiona Duthy, unfortunately on crutches as she had injured her foot that morning, Miss Beverley Snyder, Miss Susie Clark wearing her peaked cap, Miss Sarah Hawke and Miss Caroline Keeling, accompanied by her parents, Sir John and Lady Keeling, who are giving a dance for her on June 23 at Grosvenor House. They were talking to their host with Mrs. Gardner-Hill and Mr. John Rogerson, who came with Mrs. Rogerson, their pretty daughter, Valda, and Mrs. Rogerson's niece, Miss Tilly Joel.

Mr. Peter Gardner-Hill was among the many young men at the party, which also included the Foreign Secretary's son, Mr. Nicholas Eden, who had been spending the weekend down at Goodwood, Mr. John Bardsley, Mr. Michael Hughes, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, who is to play cricket regularly for Hampshire this season, the Earl of Suffolk and Mr. John Slesinger.

★ ★ ★

AT the Glyndebourne Opera House in Sussex, I saw one of the three performances given there, by the Sussex Festival Players, of Viscount Duncannon's medieval drama, *Like Stars Appearing*, which was presented by the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain. This drama of the

thirteenth century was performed in celebration of the seventh centenary of Saint Richard of Chichester and of the twenty-fifth anniversary as Bishop of Chichester of the Rt. Rev. Doctor G. K. A. Bell. It was a charming production in this lovely setting where the lighting and acoustics are so good, and very well acted. Viscount Duncannon took most ably the part of Matthew Paris the chronicler, John Westbrook was splendid in the rôle of Richard of Wyche, and Paul Hansard excellent as the weak and petulant King Henry III of England. Mr. Christie's young son, George Christie, was a most competent assistant to the producer, Mr. Anthony Besch.

Some of the audience had come down by train from London as they do for the operas later in the season, and others had motored over. Among the latter were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, who were sitting in the front row of the stalls. They had supper with Mr. John Christie in his lovely house near the theatre. Viscountess Duncannon, very chic with a short mink cape over her black dress, was talking before the curtain went up to Madame Brosio, wife of the Italian Ambassador, and Signor Farace of the Italian Embassy.

DURING the interval, I met Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, who had motored over from their Sussex home, Miss Rosamund Christie, and the Countess of Ronaldshay, who has been a friend of Viscount Duncannon and his parents, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, for many years, and was recalling the amateur theatricals at Stansted Park in prewar days. She was accompanied by Mr. Billy Whitbread.

It seemed strange to see the beautiful gardens of Glyndebourne other than in midsummer. The blossom was just bursting out on the fruit trees and the fine herbaceous borders were well hoed and full of healthy looking plants which will be flowering when we next go down there for the opera season, which is from June 10-July 27. The programme includes Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Gluck's *Alceste*, Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, preceded by Busoni's *Arlecchino*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*. There is a wonderful cast for the season, supported by the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and Ballet, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

★ ★ ★

SUCH a tremendous success was the Coronation Ball at the Travellers' Club last June, that the Chairman and Committee have decided to hold another one there this summer. This is to take place on Derby night, June 2. It promises to be, as last year, a wonderful evening. Capt. Julian Mills is the very active chairman of the ball, while Mme. Hägglöf, the lovely wife of the Swedish

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. Jeffrey Peate and Mrs. C. Hickman were having a discussion about the entries in the chief event



Two others who came to Charing for the day were Lt.-Col. Viscount Allenby (right) and Mr. Leslie Chalk, the Committee chairman



Miss Betty Wenham, who won the Ladies Race on Blue Pampas, with her father in the paddock after the race

Topham

The Ashford Valley Hunt Held Their Steeplechases At One Of Kent's Prettiest Villages

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

An Exhibition In St. James's

Ambassador, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, and Lady Bland, wife of Sir Nevile Bland, our former Ambassador at The Hague and vice-chairman of the club, are all helping on the committee. It is expected that many members of the diplomatic world will come to the ball, as well as many of our French, Italian and American racing friends who will be over in London for Derby week.

Among other members of the Ball committee are the Hon. William Buchan who now has a home in Oxfordshire where his young family are growing up, the Hon. Robin Johnstone, who is working hard at the Foreign Office, Lord Leslie whose father, the Earl of Rothes, is Chairman of the Travellers' Club, Mrs. Walter Stewart Browne, a most go-ahead and helpful member of any committee, and the secretary, Mr. Robin McDougall, who worked so hard for the success of the ball last year and already has the plans for this year's event well in hand.

glass, *objets d'art*, and handicraft work, which should make a most interesting display in this fine setting.

★ ★ ★

SIR JOHN MACTAGGART very kindly lent his lovely flat in Park Lane for the cocktail party which Mrs. Ian Mactaggart gave for his granddaughter, Miss Sylvia Woods. She is the daughter of Mr. Stanley Woods and the late Mrs. Woods, who was the daughter of Sir John Mactaggart, and Mrs. Ian Mactaggart, who is married to her

cousin, is entertaining for her this season. Sylvia, who attended one of the Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace in March, looked sweet in a full-skirted dress of pale yellow lace. About fifty young friends came along, including Miss Carina Boyle whom I had seen earlier in the day lunching with her parents at Claridge's, Miss Rosemary Loring, Miss Patricia Cottingham, and Miss Elizabeth Peto, who came with her parents, Brig. and Mrs. Peto.

The young men at the party included Mr. David and Mr. William Lloyd George, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Mr. Christopher Wells, Mr. Michael Lund, and Mr. Peter Alliot and Mr. Peter Drinkwater, who both came on in wedding regalia from the Matheson-Peto wedding. Mr. Stanley Woods and Mrs. Ian Mactaggart are giving a dance for Sylvia at the Mactaggarts' delightful Hampstead home on June 2. In the autumn she is going to Switzerland until Christmas, and early next year is hoping to go out for a couple of months to the Bahamas to stay with her uncle, Mr. Jack Mactaggart, and his family, who live there.

★ ★ ★

THE Lord Mayor is to preside at the United Nations dinner at the Mansion House on May 13. This promises to be a very entertaining evening as the speakers will be the Minister of Health, Mr. Iain Macleod, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Joseph Grimond. Viscountess Davidson, who speaks as well as any man and better than many, is going to make an appeal for funds for the Association, which does much to further better understanding among nations. Lady (Elena) Bennett is President of the very big committee running the dinner, which includes Sir Charles and Lady Cunningham, Sir Denys Lowson, Mr. K. P. Strohenger and the Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Mansfield.

★ ★ ★

MRS. JOHN WARD has been working hard as Chairman of the Pied Piper Ball, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This takes place at the Hyde Park Hotel, also on May 13, and promises to be one of the smartest and gayest charity balls of the season. Tickets from Mrs. Rupert de Zoete, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

★ ★ ★

FOR the first time a recital of solo sonatas is to be given in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 14, at 7.30 p.m. That great violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, will play three sonatas by Bach, for he believes that the composer intended that they should be played in a large building, designed for public worship. The proceeds of this recital will be devoted to the Cathedral Restoration Fund, the National Spastics Society Medical Research Fund and the Christian Action. Admission is by programme obtainable in advance from Ibbs and Tillet, 124 Wigmore Street, W.1.



CAPT. JOHN HAYES, O.B.E., R.N., AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN HAYES with their daughter Griselda after her christening at St. Michael and All Angels', Overton, Marlborough. Capt. Hayes sailed for Simonstown, S. Africa, shortly afterwards to take command of H.M.S. Sparrow

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke both take the keenest interest in the Victory (ex Services) Club in Seymour Street. She is President of the Ladies' Committee of the club and the Marquess is chairman of the Council. This club is run for men and women of all three Services who formerly served with the British Commonwealth or Allied Forces, and the membership ranges from admirals to ordinary seamen, from generals to privates and air marshals to air-craftsmen. The present club building includes two hundred bedrooms, dining rooms, snack bars, lounges, library, billiards room and ballroom.

Now it is hoped to add to this building a "Victory" Hall, where ex-Service men and women can meet for their reunions, to be built on a bombed site with a frontage on Edgware Road. In addition the new wing will have fifty-nine double bedrooms to cater for the married couples, and forty-three new single ones.

Lord and Lady Carisbrooke were both present at a committee meeting to discuss plans for the International Exhibition and Sale which is to take place on June 23 and 24 at St. James's Palace to raise funds towards building this new wing to the club. Viscountess Tarbat is chairman of the Exhibition and Sale Committee and has already got promises of exhibits and articles for sale from many countries. These include pictures, china,



Armstrong Jones

THE HON. JANET HAMILTON, one of this year's most attractive débutantes, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell. She is eighteen years of age, and has two brothers of sixteen and thirteen. Miss Hamilton, who was educated at Hatherop Castle, Cirencester, and finished in France, is very popular amongst her contemporaries and is fond of country life, which she is able to enjoy at her parents' seat in Lanarkshire and their residence in Surrey. Her grandfather, Major the Hon. Sir John Coke, great-uncle of the Earl of Leicester, is giving a small party for her in London in June, and she will also attend the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball for débutantes on May 11



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt.

MRS. PETER GRANT, cousin of the Earl of Radnor, is here photographed in the charming home of her mother, Mrs. Christopher Pleydell-Bouverie, at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire. She is musical, plays the piano, and has a charming voice. Her husband, to whom she was married in April last year, is the younger son of Lt.-Col. Patrick Grant (late of the Scots Guards), and Mrs. Grant, of Glenrossal, Invershin, Sutherland

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

STILL recovering from the end of the Easter Holidays. Though not so chaotic as the Christmas ones, they have not been without complications, ranging from the demands of L. to lounge about in the garden in a sunsuit the minute the sun puts out a shivering finger, to E.'s passion for taking his bicycle to pieces in the middle of the lawn and then going off to practise his trumpet.

Almost most wearing of all has been E.'s birthday parties. They are inevitably plural—first, because no three or four children these days are free from the pressure of social engagements on the same date; secondly, because E. insists that friends from School must never be contaminated by contact with friends from Home, even though both groups appear unharmed by association with himself. My argument that it would be interesting for the two lots to meet is treated with the scorn it deserves—they wouldn't, he dismisses me, have a thing to talk about.

As in no circumstances have I observed any of his companions to talk about anything, except in association with adults, when they range from cricket to theology without drawing breath, I cannot see that this is an insuperable objection. However, I agree to staggering the birthday parties.



Local party passes off well, and so does first school one. Overflow school party, dignifiable only by the name because of jellies, tinned peaches, left-over Easter eggs, sausages and spaghetti on the menu, centres on solitary school guest who had prior engagement the first time. . . . As this party is scheduled for the last day of the holidays I am persuaded by recollections of own childhood to cheer up occasion by special celebrations. Entire family is therefore offered choice of cinema, boats on river, Tower of London, or journey to seaside, all culminating in grand feast with cider for those over thirteen.

Suggestions not so ecstatically received as expected—have forgotten that children do not need cheering up, regarding end of holidays as prelude to luxurious sports

[Continued on page 272]



A SOLDIER PREPARES FOR A VITAL PARADE

FOR a great occasion one's turn-out must be not merely good, but perfect. The young man receiving the finishing touch to head-dress is six-year-old Dorian Lovell Pank, a page at the wedding of Miss Ann Boylan to Captain Michael Dewey, which took place in London, the wedding party flying to Dublin for the reception. Dorian's mentor in regimental finesse is—and who should know better?—R.S.M. Charles Cassie of the Third Hussars

[Continued Overleaf]

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

equipment, library, music-rooms, culture, entertainment and companionship of cheerful, equably-tempered teaching staff. Children finally decide to leave casting vote to expected guest.

GUEST, on arrival, turns out to be tall, self-possessed fourteen-year-old, who, after presenting me with small box of chocolates, states that he is going to be a solicitor when he grows up, because it is good to have something steady. Instinctive disappointment at steady-minded infant is crushed (after all, we spend years teaching them to be practical—why object if teaching bears fruit?) and I offer him choice of activities. Answer, couched in exquisite politeness, boils down to (a) cinema makes his eyes ache, (b) he went to Tower earlier in holidays and thought little of it, (c) boats on river make him seasick, (d) cars, on trips to seaside or otherwise, make him car-sick, (e) cider is alcoholic, isn't it, and he never intends to let a drop of alcohol pass his lips.

E. immediately looks as ashamed of himself as any unseasoned toper—it is the first time I remember seeing him overawed—and asks timidly what guest would like to do, then. Can't we, asks guest, play quietly Here? In fear and trembling, I mention that I have concealed poor, inferior remnants of Easter Eggs in inaccessible parts of the house and that findings, for once in a while, are keepings.

To my immense relief, Easter Eggs do not apparently make guest sick. He combs the picture rail and mantelpiece with an eager and acquisitive eye, and



announces that if it's all the same to everybody, he would like to play chess with E., but no doubt I would prefer them to get the Easter Eggs out of the way first. He gives the younger children a kindly but unseeing smile—most irritating to L., who has been designing a new hair-do all the morning and changed her dress twice—and departs up the stairs four at a time after E. I am relieved to see that his feet are as large, noisy and clumsy as any possessed by my family.

Eventually, after ranging the required delicacies at one fell swoop on the table, with a sigh for E. who has been looking forward to the cider for days, I decide to take the younger children to the Tower of London and leave the big boys to their solitary and peculiar pleasures. They are playing chess when we depart—they are still playing chess when we return; but all the food has disappeared. The guest leaves, eventually, at about 10 p.m.

— Diana Gillon



Those perforce left behind waved a prolonged and happy "Bon voyage" from the sidelines at Northolt. They included an officiating priest, pages, and members of the guard of honour from the bridegroom's regiment, the Third Hussars



Eagerly awaiting the take-off were Mr. and Mrs. David Petri and Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi



The bridegroom's Uncle and Aunt Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Dewey, and his cousin, Mr. T. C. Dewey

ORANGE-BLOSSOM BY PLANE TO EIRE

A STROKE of imagination turned the wedding of Capt. Michael Dewey and Miss Anne Boylan, daughter of Brig. Edward Boylan, into a unique event, for after the London ceremony the guests went by air to the bride's home in Ireland. Here both English and Irish friends gathered. Jennifer describes the events of the wedding on pages 265-6



Major and Mrs. Martin Gubbins, Anne Gubbins, an attendant, Nicholas Gubbins, and Barry Gubbins, a page



Lord Rossmore, who came up from Rossmore Castle, Co. Monaghan, with his daughter, the Hon. Brigid Westenra



In the daffodil-starred grounds, Brig. Edward Boylan brought champagne for bridesmaids Miss Grania Bevan (left) and Miss Amanda Dewey, and matron of honour Mrs. John Staniland



Miss Lizanne Musgrave (left), daughter of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bt., with Major and Mrs. Thomas Laidlaw



Mrs. Denis Purdon discussed the flight with Mrs. S. F. Purdon and Mrs. Peter Jury



Viscount Powerscourt (right) from Enniskerry Castle, Co. Wicklow, with Mr. Jack Parr, the Meath owner, and Mrs. Dermot MacGillycuddy



Photographs by Swarke & Fennell
Her veil blowing in the slipstream, but firmly controlled by Mrs. John Staniland, the laughing bride and her equally amused husband set off to take their seats for the "Nuptial Airlift"



John Pratt

COL. SIR W. JAMES WATERLOW, BT. (left), President of the London Master Printers' Association, and Lady Waterlow were here welcoming the Lord Mayor, Sir Noel V. Bowater, Bt., and Lady Bowater (with bouquet) at the Association's annual dinner and dance, held at the Connaught Rooms



J. H. Smith

SIR GILBERT RENNIE, G.B.E., K.C.M.G., M.C., first High Commissioner in London for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is seen at Southampton Docks on his arrival from South Africa in the Athlone Castle

Talk Around the Town

At one time I was quite a collector of Festivals, and this in a day when home-grown ones were rarities

The Three Choirs at Worcester was pleasant because you could escape from the crowded city (and Cathedral) into the Malvern country, and the beer was better that side. When it was Hereford's turn, you could spend the afternoons lazing on the River Wye.

Malvern itself had a Festival of its own for a few years, one modelled on that of Salzburg, the players mixing with spectators over a drink after rehearsals. There was a rich air of Shaw-worship about Malvern.

Salzburg was ideal before the smart folk of New York and Mayfair discovered it, and dominated every *Kaffee-haus* in the town with their high-pitched chatter.

I almost got to Bayreuth in one year. That was in 1923 and I had received a telegram which ran like this: "*Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your wonderful kindness.—Cosima Wagner.*" This seeming

anachronism was received in error. I played merely a liaison role when the Covent Garden opera folk sent to Wagner's widow, (and Liszt's daughter), a substantial cheque in that year of German poverty.

But, when I got to Munich, I found the Bayreuth Festival over, and so contented myself with hearing a local speciality, Pfützn's *Palestrina*, which they are doing this year again at the Festival in August.

EUROPE now seems to be alive with Festivals in the summer time:

Here is Copenhagen displaying its musical attractions, with its ballet, this month, and Helsingfors a little later its annual tribute to the great Sibelius. Bergen joins the company for the first time with a festival dedicated to Grieg, while Sweden stages its second, and opens the doors of the Drottningholm Court Theatre—which it claims, I think wrongly, to be the only intact eighteenth-century playhouse left.

Across the North Sea, in the land of Grieg's forefathers, they are now busy on

what has become the very Barnum and Bailey of Festivals. The story of Edinburgh's phenomenal success is a wholly remarkable one, and a tribute to Scots enterprise.

Pitlochry, where if you don't care for drama there is salmon; Bath, this month, where if you don't like Bach there are always the buns; York and its Mystery Plays; little Aldeburgh in Suffolk, with its great Britten; Cheltenham, Canterbury, Glyndebourne, Llangollen, Haslemere—and, bless us, here we are back again in Worcester for the Three Choirs again, with the *Dream of Gerontius* to be given a few miles from its composer's humble birthplace.

* * *

STRAFORD can scarcely call itself a Festival any longer, nor can equally non-stop Covent Garden present a season in the old sense, although there is a natural stepping-up of activity at this time of the year.

The Opera had the happy chance a week ago of reviving a work which accorded well with the Private View of the latest of the non-stop Tate Gallery's special shows.

A rumour says that the Louvre was rather cagey about lending some of its Manets for this event, thinking that the English would not be likely to appreciate the best, nor even know the difference between a Manet and a Monet.

The way in which this "Manet and his Circle" exhibition has been arranged gives the Louvre some cause for their fears.

The exhibition is held together only by the excellence of the catalogue. You come on what you think is a Manet and find it is by one Bazille, who was killed in the 1870 war. What seems to be a Renoir turns out to be a Degas, while all but two of the best Manets come not from the Louvre, but from collections on this side of the Channel.

The Manet circle in the early Impressionist years is pictured in a canvas by Fantin-Latour, showing Renoir, Bazille and Monet, together with Edmond Maitre and Zola.

OFFENBACH'S face emerges from the crowd in "Musique aux Tuileries," by Manet, which enchanting picture you may normally see in the National Gallery.

A lady in front of me before this canvas gave a deep sigh, and said: "Oh, if only the dear Tuileries was like that now!"

An imagination always peoples the Tuileries for me with folk of any period other than to-day, I cannot echo her complaint. But I might point out that, although this picture was painted in 1862 (on a very dressy afternoon), the chairs appear to be the same ones upon which you may rest uneasily to-day.

ANY MORE FOR THE MAYFLOWER?

If given the chance, any schoolboy
Would sail for the U.S. of A.,
Where the parents hold back for the children
And believe they should have their own way,
Where they don't lay their hands on the male child
Any more than we do on a girl,
And there's many a carefree Elmer
But rarely a belted Earl.

—Prendergast

If any young man of fashion is looking for something smart that is out of the way, may I recommend a tall hat, black coat and white trousers?

Most effective, as worn by Manet's brother Eugene.

WEBER'S *Der Freischütz* would be a pleasure to produce in a marionette theatre. It displays nearly the whole box-of-tricks possessed by the Victorian stage manager: trap-doors, rolling thunder-clouds, skeletons and demon king.

I wonder how much this legendary nonsense influenced the young Wagner in the choice of libretti? At least one Wagnerian figure emerges in the form of a wandering hermit, staff in hand, and with a Parsifal-like look on his face.

Weber died in London, and was buried here for many years, but his body was later moved back to Germany, largely at the instigation of Wagner, who made a belated graveside oration.

Covent Garden stages *Der Freischütz* with care and some imagination, but the performance which I enjoyed moved turgidly and with insufficient style. I am sorry that no light-hearted critic observed the next day that the opera—all about some diabolical bullets—was singularly topical in the light of the morning's news.

* * *

A MAN flew over from Paris on one of these mid-day flights, where you take off with the cocktail and touch down with the coffee.

Champagne is "free"—that is, one does not pay for it direct.

"But I dislike champagne," he said: "Can't I have a whisky-and-soda?"

"Of course," said the stewardess. And later gave him a bill. It does not seem a very logical proceeding that an English airliner should seem to favour foreign drinks.

The whole business of drink-cum-transport is topsy-turvy. Take the Brighton line, on which private enterprise is still allowed to run its fine Pullman cars. For those who

travel in the ordinary carriages the Pullman people send their waiters around taking orders. But when the glass and bottle come there is no place to put them except the floor; or hold them in your hands. No holding-bracket as on most Continental trains, nor even a small window table. I wonder why?

* * *

IF anyone suggests that the B.B.C. voice, and the B.B.C. deportment, are destroying regional character, I beg leave to differ.

Into a Non-Smoking railway compartment ambled four youths, of ages between about sixteen and twenty. Their hair was elaborately quiffed and coiffured; the trousers of all four were black and slimmed, and the coats of three of them were also black, giving them the appearance of a Spanish bull-fighter out of costume. But the coat of the fourth was of a delightful bookmaker-check, with oversize pearl buttons, and a generous display of black velvet both on cuffs, collar and lapel.

Their talk was almost incomprehensible, and I count myself an amateur of the Cockney language. The first words spoken were: "Ar, shu'yer mouf."

I could read in the eyes of the elderly lady in the corner a great fear: *razor-slashers from Brixton!*

They were probably not bad lads. They said "Excuse please" when they stepped over our legs to get to the corridor for a smoke and a sing-song. Just four genuine Cockneys, great-grandsons of "pearlies."

Give them a hair-cut and a uniform, and you would find them in the ranks of the "Glorious Gloucesters," or the Black Watch. Phil May would have loved the whole four.

* * *

THE Coronation dress is almost a picture in itself at the Royal Academy this year, thanks not a little to the enormous size required by State portraits.

Away above one's head towers Mr. James Gunn's portrait of the Queen, but to immediate view is "the dress," which I see some Australian speaker referred to as this "new symbol of Empire."

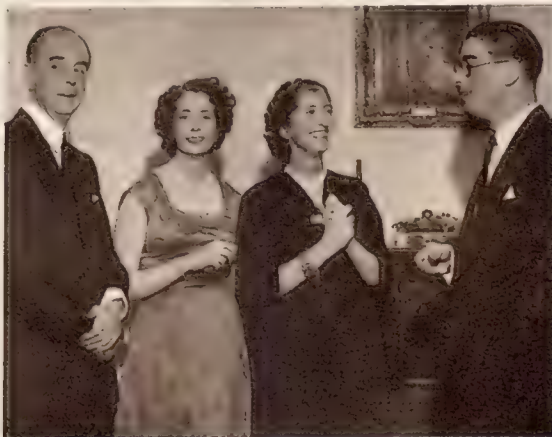
But those who search for that four-leaved shamrock which Mr. Norman Hartnell put into the rich embroidery at the last minute will need sharper eyes than mine. It is, on the actual dress, low down on the left side, small but quite distinct amid that glittering bouquet of Imperial flowers.

If one of the many copies of Mr. Gunn's picture goes to Belfast, might not the little shamrock find a place?

—Gordon Beckles



Miss Julie Vaughan Hudson and Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie at the party, given at Princes Gate, S.W.7



Mr. Lister Hartley, Miss Dinah Hartley, for whom the event was given, Mrs. Hartley and Mr. Christopher Hartley



Two others who quickly caught the spirit of the evening were Mr. Tim Thornton and Miss Mary Stopford

A Very Gay and Youthful Party Given for a Debutante at her Knightsbridge Home



Leaning over his boom, Mr. Laurence Hartje, owner and helmsman of the 18-ft. National, *Violetta*, discussed the probability of the wind holding with Mr. Paul Morgan, while his crew, Mrs. Paul Morgan and Mr. Bill Critcher, went on with the preparations for the next race

STRAINING MASTS ON RURAL THAMES

Small Boats Have A
Four-Day Battle

TEDDINGTON, where the tide ends, had the appearance of a South Coast estuary town over Easter, when more than 100 of the smaller classes competed in the Tamesis Club's four-day regatta—a record number of entries. There was a total of 899 starts, two races being held each day for each class



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Citron were at the happy business of tuning-up their 12-ft. National dinghy, *Whitewind*



Another "12-footer," Mr. Brian Southcott was getting up the sails with the help of his crew, his sister, Miss Joyce Southcott. He won the Porteous Cup for aggregate results



Air Vice-Marshal A. W. B. McDonald, C.B., A.F.C., and Mrs. McDonald had just returned from racing in their veteran 12-ft. National, *Farandole*, in which they have had many wins



This group of expert spectators consisted of Mr. Gary Bubear, Dr. A. B. Porteous, Past Commodore of the Tamesis Club, Miss Jean Bubear, Mrs. J. R. Bubear and Mr. Robert Bubear



Mr. John Smith and Miss Ann Gillham were talking over some of the outstanding results of the morning's racing



A point of organisation was being considered by Mr. Claude Russell, Commodore of the Tamesis Club, and Dr. N. Langdon-Down, the Rear-Commodore



Gabor Denes

Past the trim villas and tree-lined meadows, the National "12-footers" hauled away on the starboard tack as if there were nothing but salt water and a distant shore in sight



THE VINE IS PLANTED by the beautiful Paris model Danielle, assisted by a country girl from Champagne, during the "wedding of the grape" ceremony at Montmartre, which is described on the opposite page

Priscilla in Paris

Mystic Waters Of the East

THE elephants came in two by two . . ." and they nearly had a river to cross!

The famous Amar circus, which is making the circuit of Paris before starting off on its annual tour all over France, supplied a lake, if not a river, as well as the elephants. A circus at Easter is even more circusy than at Christmas. When the Big Top went up at the Porte d'Orleans the other evening, *tout Paris* was there to applaud.

Since Ministers were present—though, of course, I did not recognise them, for nothing so resembles one minister as another minister—the Garde Républicaine, in its second-best uniform, but with drawn sabres, was on gala duty and the music was *militaire*, which always adds excitement. Michèle

Morgan, all bronzed from her stay at Cannes, and Juliette Greco, still somewhat pale from the recent arrival of her first baby, represented the screen and the cabaret, and Mme. Blanche Montel the stage, while M. Marcel Idzkowski, secretary to the Comédie Française, stage critic, chief of protocol at the Cannes Festival, *arbitre elegantiarium* (and jolly-good-fellow at all times) represented Diplomacy Personified.

As for the above-mentioned river, it made its personal appearance in a silver-splashing stream of gallons and gallons of water pouring from heaven knows where into a vast, circular tank. Venice in a circus—d'you ever hear of such a thing? One used to expect these spectacular manifestations at the static circuses of Paris, where there are mains and drains and

whatnots, but to find an ambulating circus, that sets up on the village greens and market-places for so little as one-night stands, all geared-up to produce water where, apparently, no water exists, partakes, I think, of the miraculous.

It is true that the Amar brothers hail from the East, the mysterious, inscrutable East. Perhaps we were all mass-hypnotised and imagined what we saw. But if so, how comes it that when I reached home I brushed sawdust from my hair, and Josephine, who is inclined to mother me, grumbled because my skirt was damp from the spray of the luminous fountains?

BEFORE the hydrodynamic finale, the circus proper offered the usual delectable programme of tumblers and clowns and Chinese jugglers and contortionists. There were all sorts of strange beasts and Willy Meyer's docile and dignified elephants already mentioned. Magnificent tigers jumped through flaming hoops, begged for their supper and performed a ladies'-chain on stepping-stools all round the cage. They were as proud of their trainer as he was of them. Man and beasts treated each other with perfect courtesy. The *cavalerie* was remarkable. There were two white Arabs that performed in duet; curvetting and rearing together with the graceful precision of those unforgettable ladies, the Dolly Sisters.

Our hearts went out to Captain Grey in his Buffalo Bill act, and jumped back into our throats as we watched the Zemgannos in their world-famous flying-trapeze number. The leader of the troupe is the writer, Jean Barret, author of *Miss Carolyn Kremsler*, *Circus Stories*, and translator of the *Memoirs of the Clown Joseph Grimaldi*, that were edited by Dickens.

IT was midnight before we left the Big Top. Usually the neighbourhood of Montrouge is quiet at that hour; but the Porte d'Orleans is the gateway that leads to the châteaux of the Loire and to so many other points of touristic interest. The wide road was thronged with the outgoing cars of holidaymakers who prefer to drive through the night rather than lose half-a-day's sunshine. I saw the du Serre-Telmon's family barouche flash by, closely followed by Spinelly, who was at the wheel of the smallest car I have ever seen away from a watch-chain! André and Mado Chamart were off, by a roundabout route, to their kennels in Seine-et-Oise, where the finest Skyes in France are bred. I saw a shabby G.B. jeep, that appeared to have been swimming the Channel, but it carried such a very smart young couple that I instinctively looked for a white slipper attached to the tail-light . . . it was not there, but the tag of ribbon still dangled!

There was a full moon, the stars were bright. Easter in Paris was going to be fine! (Don't miss that circus if you meet it in the towns of *la Belle France*.)

Enfin!

● When the gushing nitwit asked J.-P. Sartre: "What, exactly, is Existentialism?" did the Master really reply: "Something that has put jam as well as butter on my bread!"



Count Robert-Jean de Vogüé and M. Jean Lelandais watch the planting of the vine with approval



The Hon. Sir Bede Clifford and Miss Anne Braithwaite were members of the Hon. Mrs. Rowland Winn's party



Jacques Pils had a comforting word to say to his wife, Mlle. Edith Piaf, star performer of the evening



Joining together were the Countess Robert-Jean de Vogüé and M. Charles Trenet, the famous singer

PARTY TO CELEBRATE WEDDING OF THE WINE

During an unusual and colourful ceremony, Count Robert-Jean de Vogüé, head of a historic Epernay Champagne firm, aided by the local Mayor, M. Jean Lelandais, presided at the "marriage" of a vine to the soil of Montmartre. Afterwards he gave a great party at the Moulin Rouge



F. J. Goodman



Mme. Annie de Vogüé in the library with Mr. Lees Mayall, First Secretary at the British Embassy

Count Ghislain de Vogüé and the Hon. Mrs. Rowland Winn looked on against a background of gaiety. Mrs. Winn had earlier entertained friends at Lady Diana Cooper's beautiful Paris apartment



Forging ahead over one of the jumps came the winner of the Adjacent Hunts Steeplechase, Haston Lad, ridden by Mr. Frank Gloyn. It was entered by Mr. Raymond Stovold of the Chiddingfold Farmers Hunt

RACEGOERS' JOY AT COWDRAY PARK

THE Cowdray Hunt point-to-point offered all the amenities which please the hearts of racegoers—keen competition on a bright spring afternoon over a course giving remarkable visibility over all its length. Consequently the 20,000 spectators followed the six races with enthusiasm, and dispersed with memories of a delightful day



Waiting for the start of the Adjacent Hunt Ladies' Chase, won by Miss Angela Marlow on Master Cash, were Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Bowring and their children Sarah, Michael, Rebecca and Carolina



Mr. and Mrs. Colin Loveys with their children, Patricia and Martyn, watch a race from their own "grandstand"



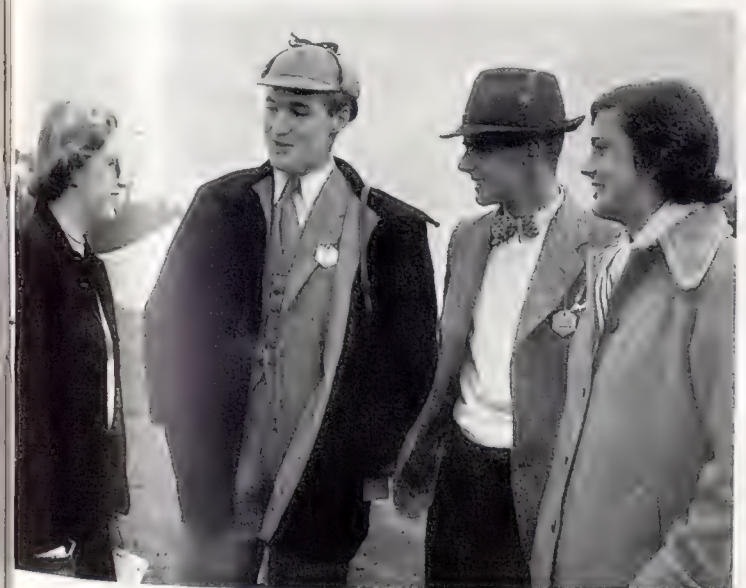
Checking their cards before the Ladies' Race were Mrs. E. J. Robinson, Mrs. White, Mrs. Rupert Wheatley and Brig. E. S. White, D.S.O., the Joint Hon. Secretary



Lt. K. Rogerson, R.N., Lady Troubridge, Lt. E. Troubridge, R.M., Lt. J. Coleby, R.M., Miss Antonia Coleby and Miss Avril Tremlett



Discussing the result of the Pearson Open Steeplechase: Mr. Waddell, Mr. Robert Waddell, Mrs. Hearn Capt. John Hearn of the 3rd Dragoon Guards



In the paddock to see the horses before one of the races were Miss Rachel Hawker, Mr. John Lenanton, Mr. Ian Dear and Miss Rosemary Dear



There's something even better than racing, and here are Simon Leathes and Miranda Phillimore digging into it with right good will, though wind protection was needed on the top of their car

Gabor

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

JAPANESE pingpong—or what Babs Hargreaves would shyly call “table-tennis”—aces dope themselves before championship matches with a drug called metapolin, it appears. So, as an umpire defiantly revealed after the recent débâcle at Wembley, do British pingpong aces. A pretty disclosure, *forsooth* (italics ours).

Seasonal metapolin-addicts, our underworld spies report, get the best stuff either at Smoky Joe's in Aldgate or at Foo Ling's dive near the East India Docks, which bears the somewhat flowery Chinese name of “The Porcelain Gate of Ten Thousand Inauspicious Marine Farewells.” The scene is sordid in the extreme as the pingpong habitués sprawl with dilated pupils in their frowsty bunks, gripping imaginary bats. Shapeless hags lean over them, chuckling and muttering “Ay, my captain,” and “‘Prince Charming’ they call ye—by heaven 'tis no misnomer.” Halfcastes glide to and fro with pipes, spitting in the pingpong boys' hats. Now and again a languid voice calls out: “I thought you had left England for good, Adrian Fauncethorpe. Your friends know you no longer.” To which comes the husky reply: “I care not, Cyril. So long as one has this stuff one needs no friends.” And smiling old Foo Ling waddles over with a freshly-cooked pipe of metapolin, muttering “Foleign plingplong lubbish, luddy ludicrous.”

The reference to “Prince Charming,” by the way, is a sneer at the women who run after British pingpong aces, though not (our spies add) far.

Ouch

IT is, so to speak, an inevitable corollary,” said an aged shepherd on the Sussex Downs to us some time ago. We were discussing the fact that Sussex adders nearly always pay for the frolic with their lives when they bite Bank Holiday visitors for fun. Our dumb chums are now beginning to realize that you City slickers are deadly, and are laying off you. Hence the recent (non-fatal) case of a visitor bitten near Hastings, after a long interval, interests the locals deeply.

Those Brazilian and other snakes who emerge from banana-crates and wander round Covent Garden, biting the publishers who infest that area, have yet to learn that years of savage attacks from booky girls have not only immunized the average publisher completely but made his bite more fatal than a cobra's. We know one of the boys who, if he were bitten by a raving black mamba from Africa, wouldn't even drop a feather of ash from his Havana as he leaned elegantly over to the microphone-box. Miss Glitch—bring me the Goofus file, will you? Yes, Mr. Swipe. Oh, and there's a dead mamba on my carpet. Yes, Mr. Swipe. The perfect secretary, thinks Mr. Swipe contentedly, blowing a fragrant cloud; devoted to me, utterly devoted. He doesn't, of course, know she's nightly in touch with the Yard.

Down our way we don't depend any more on adders to deal with visitors. Ever tried our Dainty Farmhouse Teas *chez* Granny Mumble of Rose Cottage? Locally we call her La Toscana, after a famous Renaissance girl-expert.

Marine

THOSE six girl lifeguards, or sea hostesses, who will officiate (*vide* Press) at Brighton this summer should obviously wear uniform adapted—say by Dior—from that of the Botticelli Venus in the Uffizi, rising from the waves. We suggested this to a citizen of Brighton last week. He thought it a fine idea.

But Brighton's sea hostesses, he said, would have to wear a different expression. The Botticelli Venus looks a trifle peevish. (“You might think,” as Pater remarks, “the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come.”) This is not quite what the Council wants, said this citizen. Visitors will be rescued from the deep with a light, bright smile and a gay, ringing word. *Charm* is the keynote he said. As he spoke his gaze roved absently eastward over the Black Rock to where Roodean's majestic pile defies the Channel. Love, moreover, he added, is not a *sine qua non* of the status quo when rescuing stout citizens choking off the Pier. This conversation ensued:

“What about friendship? Many a wonderful friendship has begun with a sock on the jaw in ten feet of seawater.”

“Platonic?”

“Mostly, but capable sometimes of ripening into a more tender passion.”

“Tell me more. I must inform the Council.”

Romance

WE told him about a magnificent, bronzed six-foot lifeguard at a Continental resort, a cross between Hercules and Apollo, who nearly won a rich American bride in this way. “He socked her in the sea?” asked the citizen eagerly. “Well, no,” we said, “she socked him—he was out of his depth. But a deep, true friendship blossomed,” we said, “and wedding bells would inevitably have rung a week later had she not had three or four husbands on the payroll already.” This he made a note of for the Council as well, and we parted.

Bang

FROM a chap in close touch with the M.C.C. we learn that the new explosive “last over” Test ball which every cricket-lover is talking about may be authorized for the coming season at last.

“The weight-problem,” declared a spokesman last week, “has now been practically solved. That harassing $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. in excess of the regulation $5\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (Rule 4) has been eliminated by using Fulminite ‘B’ in place of the denser explosive Uminol ‘A.’ Trials have been satisfactory, several professionals having been blown to pieces and others maimed for life.

“The hat of a Gentleman's niece watching under cover 500 feet away was blasted 3,500 yards and rendered practically attractive. We expect numbers of Australians to be blown skyhigh with the new ball ere long.”

Our Melbourne spies cable that Australian cricket-chemists are working feverishly on a new formula for what is called the Trumper Mined Pitch, an idea conceived by Trumper in 1896 after having his shirt set on fire by W. G. Grace while bowling in the final Test. The operation is conducted from a Pavilion switchboard. A charming film-actress will inaugurate the proceedings, standing in a bower of roses, after shyly reciting with emotion, E. V. Lucas's well-known poem *The Cricket-Ball Sings*.

Check

TO a Sassenach rover complaining to the papers because the proud and mysterious natives of the Scottish Highlands did not rush everywhere into his arms to greet him with tears of joy, we would suggest a good reason—namely that little matter of the Fair Highland Girl of Inversneyed, at whom Daddy Wordsworth made a pass which the Highlands have never forgotten:

“... and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee!”

What her Mums said about this offer may well be conjectured, Gaelic being a fine civil tongue for that purpose. “If that footloose Lake-District Casanova thinks he can put that sort of stuff across my Baby,” added Mums ominously, “my name's J. Flora Macdonald.” The Fair Highland Girl herself was red with shame. “I thought it was a horse staring at me, Uncle Hector,” she kept saying in Gaelic, “honestly I did.” Uncle Hector, a typical dark, small, wiry Highlandman, said nothing at all, but kept kissing his dirk.

For years afterwards the neighbouring caterans kept a lookout for a visiting Sassenach with glowing eyes, breathing hard and closely resembling a horse.

Nowadays, though feeling has died down a little, the natives hold ever aloof, their womenfolk are strictly guarded, and only a few scattered cairns in lonely glens show how many wandering sahibs will never again raise their little caps to discreet applause at Lord's.

~~~~~ BRIGGS . . . . by Graham ~~~~~







The Earl of Harrington, from Co. Limerick, who owns several good horses, was reporting on the distant runners to Miss Valerie Beamish and Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore. They were in the Members' Enclosure

**ROYAL APPROACH**, Lord Bicester's good 'chaser, won the Irish Grand National by two lengths from Sam Brownthorn at Fairyhouse, Co. Meath. The attendance, including many visitors from England, was one of the largest ever seen at this course, and they watched a race marked with incident and high suspense



Lord Bicester receives the handsome trophy from Mrs. B. T. O'Reilly. With them is winning jockey, Pat Taaffe



Lady Goulding, wife of Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., with Mr. Frank Southerland and Mrs. Oliver Chesterson



Lord Windlesham, who succeeded to the title last year, with his younger daughter, the Hon. Annabella Hennessy



Lord John Manners with Miss Doon Plunkett, younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunkett



"This year let's go somewhere picturesque"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

HE was a morose sort of fellow, and was inspecting a case of stuffed birds at the home of an ornithologist acquaintance. Peering into one case he sniffed: "What's that queer-looking thing?"

★ "That," the bird-fancier replied, "is a snipe."

"It's certainly not my idea of a snipe," the man snapped.

"Perhaps not," the other smiled; "but it's Nature's idea of a snipe."

RATHER rashly, she had given food to a tramp one day, and for weeks afterwards was troubled with a succession of the breed.

One of these knocked at the back door one day.

"Lady," he whined, when she opened the door, "would you help a poor man out of his troubles?"

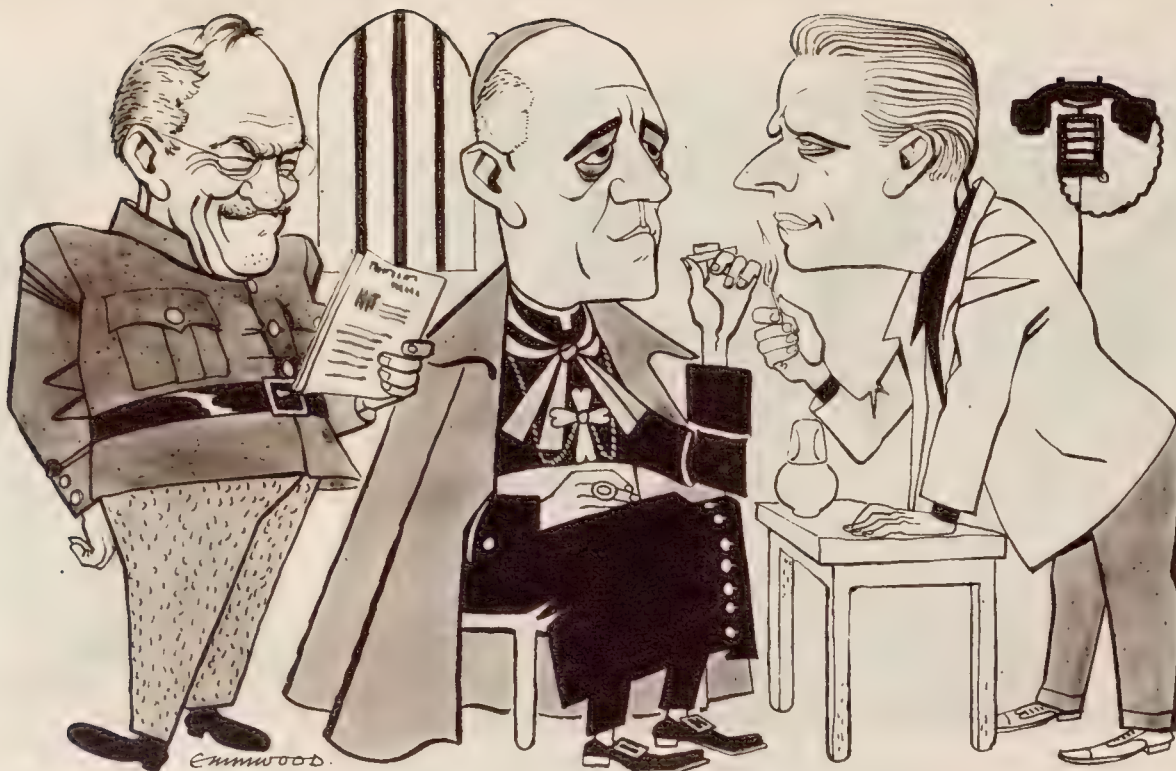
"Certainly," sighed the weary housewife. "Would you rather be shot or hit with an axe?"

THE junior member of the firm was asking his boss for a rise. "I don't know what's the matter with you young fellows," complained his employer. "I started working at two pounds a week, and after three years I was only making three pounds. But I worked hard, and saved hard, and when my boss went bankrupt I bought him out."

"That just proves what I always thought!" exclaimed the young man. "You can't pay your assistants low wages and stay in business."

IN a foreign State, a man who had just been appointed to the control of the currency was introduced to a beautiful film star. The lady coyly asked him if he would have her picture put on the first currency he printed. After a moment's hesitation, the official answered gallantly: "I'm so sorry, but as you know, the President is opposed to hoarding. Now I know that if the young men got their hands on notes with your picture, they'd never let them go."





PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE gets into its stride against the imprisoned cleric (Alec Guinness). Conducting the campaign are the Cell Warder (Wilfrid Lawson; left), and the Interrogator (Noel Willman)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]  
by Emmwood]

## At the Theatre

### "The Prisoner" (Globe)

MISS BRIDGET BOLAND has chosen for her new play a grim and difficult subject, the totalitarian method of police interrogation. She purports to show how political prisoners are induced to make at public trials those full and seemingly sincere confessions which justify their captors, confound their friends and still cause the free world to wonder exactly how the trick has been worked. As the skilful demonstration of a method her play satisfies and fascinates, even if as a story of man's inhumanity to man it fails to ring the emotional bell. It is always difficult to inject the illustrative figures in a complicated demonstration with human warmth. Real people are apt to knock the workings of the demonstration endways.

The antagonists in the demonstration are a Cardinal and an expert in psychology. They are ostensibly well matched. The Cardinal is a tough-minded prelate. He has been through the hands of the Gestapo in his time as a hero of the Resistance. The experience is still a prized memory. He can hardly doubt his power to outlast a second and not surely a more testing inquisition. He has learned the appropriate technique, and he is drily amused at the naïve offer of a cigarette which is almost certainly drugged.

CONVERSELY the interrogator is not lacking in respect for the Cardinal's record and intellectual quality, but he is also quite sure of his own acquired technique. In the friendliest way he puts his cards on the table, but he is not so foolish as to pretend to the Cardinal that his friendliness is anything but a means to an end. Torture, drugs, hypnosis and all the rest of the Gestapo's antiquated tricks will play no part in their duel; but the duel must end and can only end in a complete and free confession of guilt on all counts of the charge made by the Cardinal in open court.

How is this end to be accomplished? The refusal to torture does not of course exclude long hours of questioning and denial of sleep. Miss Boland alternates scenes of questioning with scenes in a cell, and perhaps she has not allowed sufficiently for the danger that we shall consider the physical wearing down process more important than the character analysis under which the

prisoner is to break. Of course, this process is a vital part of the whole ordeal; yet from our point of view the less use the interrogator makes of it the better. The real drama of the play depends on his delicately stealthy search in the recesses of the Cardinal's mind for some place where he may lodge a half-truth which will stand a chance of acceptance as a whole truth. Once accepted, this half-truth can be trusted to detonate explosive forces which will destroy a personality.

THE half-truth which destroys the Cardinal is that he is a proud man. He has hated his mother. It was her looseness which made his childhood shameful and sordid. It is the memory of this childhood which has made the priest feel a hypocrite when he condemned sins which had been his own in the past.

He is ready to believe that pride has grown on the prince of the church as a concealment of the hypocritical priest. It is in fact only a half-truth that he is a proud man. A really proud man would not have the natural humility to accept the half-truth as the whole truth. Accept it he does; and his acceptance is his complete undoing. Soon his personality has disintegrated to the point at which he is willing to confess no matter what—treachery to the State, mockery of religion, betrayal of his old friends of the Resistance.

WHAT is fascinating in this duel is that Miss Boland makes us realise that the psychologist is in almost as much danger of destruction as his patient. There are times when they become different aspects of the same personality, and some of the evil which the psychologist has created in an essentially innocent mind remains clinging to his own and spoils his sense of victory. Mr. Alec Guinness and Mr. Noel Willman fight their duel with perfect understanding of its shifting implications; Mr. Wilfrid Lawson gives authentic life to the gruff, kindly and ribald gaoler.

The play is admirably produced by Mr. Peter Glenville.



PILLAR OF THE STATE (totalitarian model) is the Interrogation Room Warder, a role played by Colin Douglas





Mr. Douglas Machray, non-playing captain of the Press team, and official starter, briefs foursome rivals C. Collen-Smith and E. Elverston (Press), and Police Constable H. T. Newport and Sir Cecil Carr, K.C.B., Q.C., Counsel to the Speaker (Parliament)

**THE PRESS ROMPED HOME** in their golf match with Parliament, played over the Royal Mid-Surrey course at Richmond. By winning 7—4 with three games halved, they reversed the form of their last encounter—in 1928—when the legislators won 10—8. Lord Saltoun's versatility with his one club, an adjustable iron, was one of the day's sensations



W. H. Page, a Press player, and Lord Gifford set forth for their afternoon contest in cheerful mood



Lord Balfour of Burleigh, a past winner of the Parliamentary H'cap, with R. S. Hinder, Press Golfing Society captain



Three of a morning foursome, R. G. Hills (Press), H. R. Spence, M.P. for Aberdeenshire West (Parliament), and A. R. Everett (Press) were much amused by some remarks of Sir Charles MacAndrew, the Parliamentary captain, and "fourth man"

## London Linelight



John McCallum, Googie Withers and Frank Lawton in "Waiting for Gillian"

## Problem For Playgoers

**N**IGEL BALCHIN's psychological suspense novel, *A Way Through the Wood*, has been neatly dovetailed by Ronald Millar into three acts at the St. James's under the title *Waiting for Gillian*.

The story is of the dreadful consequences of weaving tangled webs in mistake for rope ladders to escape from the tedium of domesticity. Miss Googie Withers works very hard to persuade us she is a scatter-brained darling and when we get to know James Manning, her husband (played by John McCallum), we get such a good study of a suety bore that we almost believe her infidelity. On the other hand, Frank Lawton gives an even more convincing picture of the wealthy bounder who seduces her and so makes it seem improbable he could ever attract anything but his natural opposite number.

Thus the players provide one unexplained mystery for the audience and it is left to Michael Macowan, the producer, to supply yet another. Who was the West End hairdresser in attendance on a women's prison in order to assure that Miss Withers could emerge as immaculate as ever after her incarceration?

**V**AL GIELGUD's new play, *The Bomb-shell*, will arrive at the Westminster on May 11th. The story is one of those conscience struggles so dear to the author's heart, this time the problems of a young scientist. Leo Genn will play the leading role. This eminent actor is known to a large congregation of filmgoers as a star, but in his time he has enjoyed other publics, for example, as a practising barrister, for he is a member of the Inner Temple. As a Lt.-Col., R.A., he did most of the investigation which led to the Belsen Trials, and as a commentator he was the voice on the sound-track of *Desert Victory*.

**T**HE Empress Hall, which seats 7,000 customers at a time, will be the Mecca for ice-spectacle devotees from June 17th onwards when *White Horse Inn* put on its skates. All the figures connected with the production are astronomical: the stage is 20,000 sq. ft.; there will be 200 performers; 1,800 costumes; and the costs will be around £145,000.

Contrariwise, the Arts Council is offering a year's bursary of about £500 to a promising playwright, and is prepared to assist repertory managements in the commissioning of works at £200 or thereabouts per approved item. They will also guarantee heroic struggles in the repertory theatre business against losses (in a good cause) for sums up to £300. These are hopeful signs, like impertinent daffodils in a frosty garden. And if Valhalla Productions, Inc., are thinking of something to put on ice for the next few centuries, I hope they will consider "The H-Bomb."

—Youngman Carter



## At The Pictures

## KAYE AT HIS RICHEST



Pan in this instance is piper Kaye in "Knock on Wood"

Two of our present-day bugaboos—espionage and psycho-analysis—provide Danny Kaye with a loose framework for his latest piece of international clowning, *Knock on Wood* (Plaza). Not that it really matters. Any excuse does for Kaye to string together a lot of farcical situations you have all met before and rejuvenate them with his shock treatment.

Here he is a neurotic ventriloquist whose dummy gets out of control and insults his audience and girl friend. This calls for treatment in Zurich and London, where Dr. Mai Zetterling takes on the case, despite some quite unprofessional encounters with her patient in bedroom and bathroom. She diagnoses an unhappy childhood, but Kaye soon turns the tables, counters with a false guilt complex, and analyses her into tears and love for him.

Simultaneously a hair-raising spy plot unfolds, with Kaye as leading, but unwitting, agent. An indeterminate number of spies are after The Plans, which are, of course, hidden inside the ventriloquist's dummies. Most of the spies die violently on Kaye's hands, thus interfering with his treatment and setting the police after him. This is the opportunity for a series of those jewels of impersonation in *Walter Mitty* style.

Yes, he does an Englishman again, this time a larger-than-life car-salesman. The Irish catch a real shillelagh, too, when he gets mixed up in a Hibernian celebration. He has a wonderful time with a gadget-crammed sports car which does everything but go, and as an involuntary performer in a Russian ballet.

Like all true clowning, Mr. Kaye's has a logic of its own. At loose in a world of fantasy, he is never very far removed from our own experience. If this film misfires sometimes it is because the mixture is over-rich. Mr. Kaye is funniest at his simplest and most human.

TORRID, both climatically and emotionally, is the word for *The Proud Ones* (Curzon). It has a great deal besides: ruthless, realistic direction by Yves Allegret, a story by Jean-Paul Sartre, and fine performances from Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe and two Mexicans, C. L. Moctezuma and V. M. Mendoza.

By the death of her husband on holiday, Michèle Morgan, a middle-class Frenchwoman, is left stranded in a Mexican village with no companions but heat, squalor, spotted fever, an amorous hotel-keeper and a drunken French doctor. From this unpromising soil, in a way that only the French can get away with, emerges the flower of love to redeem the drunken doctor. It is hardly my idea of an Existentialist plot, but then Sartre, as high priest of the cult, should know. It is much the same as I was taught at Sunday school.

However, this film has style and content. The heatwave provides Mlle. Morgan with opportunities for some high-class strip-tease which, together with the drunken larks of Gérard Philipe, richly earn an X certificate.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Among visitors from the entertainment world was Miss Lizbeth Scott, the U.S. film star



Her French counterparts, stars Françoise Arnoul and Nicole Maurey, were also enjoying the sunshine

SPRING ON THE RIVIERA, and all it infers, was appreciated to the full by holiday-makers to Cannes this year. Whether they went for the Film Festival, the tennis tournament, the Battle of Flowers, or the yachting, they all enjoyed leisure in the sun as it can only be experienced by the Mediterranean



Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, from Gloucestershire, were lunching on the Croisette—the promenade



Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Rogall waiting for their aperitifs to be brought before going for a stroll



Mrs. and Mr. H. V. Davies were sharing a table and discussing the day's timetable with Mr. D'Oily John



Down for the Film Festival: Mr. Neville Clarke, Mr. Gilbert Goldschmidt and Mr. Ingram Fraser





**EDANA ROMNEY**, one of the most talented and charming actresses who have made their name since the war, is now appearing on TV, in the lead of *That Lady*, adapted from the novel by Kate O'Brien, directed by Rudolph Cartier—who produced her striking film, *Corridor of Mirrors*, a few years ago. Miss Romney is also a hostess of distinction and her parties do much to add gaiety to the social scene

## Television

### VIEWERS TO SEE

### ROYAL RETURN

WITH only three hours of so-called grown-up entertainment daily, Television can hardly hope to please all the public all the time. The trouble is that no section of the public knows what to expect at any given time. The fare is pot-luck every evening: a Coronation or a coracle race, billiards or ballet, museums or music-hall, parlour games or Press conferences.

One star there is, however, who delights all of the viewing public everywhere. At a Television conference in Paris earlier this year, speaker after speaker from Cuba to Papua paid tribute to the Queen of England as the reigning star of world television.

So on Saturday week, when the Outside Broadcast units follow Her Majesty up the Thames to the Pool of London and home to Westminster, viewers will welcome her in a special way. For in this country it was the Coronation, as in the United States it was the Presidential election, which made Television a national force and part of history.

The new series *You Are There* makes an ingenious effort to bridge the history of old and the historians—your commentators—of to-day. The first instalment, conducting a post-mortem into the Crimean blunder of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" did not, I think, make the most of this experiment with time. Instalment number two promises better, dealing with the last hours of Mary Queen of Scots.

A MECHANICAL hitch robbed me of the special hydrogen issue of *Panorama*. But we shall watch next week's like lynxes to see whether the improvement can be maintained. As I shall also watch the new series on *Men Seeking God*, to see whether that personable young politician, Christopher Mayhew, who skated smoothly enough over *International Commentary*, can stay afloat in the deeper waters of "living world religions." He set out warily with Islam.

Television's urgent need of original writers lends a glimmer of hope to the new serial, *The Dancing Bear*, which opens next week. This lively-sounding, escape-cum-secret agent story is being given the best treatment: Denis Vance as producer, David (*Desert Victory*) Macdonald as director, and background material shot in Vienna.

THE current crop of dramas is not especially distinguished. *It Never Rains* was the kind of provincial family comedy we see far too often, although the acting—especially by Olga Lindo as Mum and a refreshing newcomer, Josephine Douglas—was far above the usual repertory standard. This standard, even embellished by Mary Morris's guest-presence, seemed hardly adequate to Pirandello's tiresome cast without an author. We need more sophisticated light fare such as the last act of *No Time for Comedy*, and it was a joy to see that witty actress Frances Rowe in the commanding comedy part she deserves.

This week's play could hardly fail to be an event. Kate O'Brien's *That Lady* was one of the most exquisite historical novels of recent times. The gorgeous Spanish settings, direction by the imaginative Rudolph Cartier, and the casting of a beautiful and rarely seen actress, Edana Romney, in the title-part, make *That Lady* a television occasion.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart





A HISTORIC DRIVE IN 1908. The Hon. C. S. Rolls at the wheel of a "Silver Ghost" with three distinguished passengers—Wilbur and Orville Wright, and one of the Short brothers who pioneered the flying-boat. Many Rolls-Royces of this vintage are still in existence, cherished by their owners

## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# The Proudest Name In Engineering



FIFTY years ago, in what some might think the rather unpropitious atmosphere of a room in Manchester, the seed was sown for one of the greatest engineering enterprises of all time. Mr. Rolls met Mr. Royce and created that historic hyphenation which is the hall-mark

of a method and a policy, the unique signature of mechanical perfectionism, the stamp of merit.

Rolls, the Honourable Charles Stewart Rolls, was the prototype of that compound of dandification and daring so often seen in aviation and motor-racing. He loved to place his life in jeopardy to demonstrate his mastery over the machine; the accuracy of his visual judgment, the firmness and precision of his touch upon the controls. Royce, later Sir Henry Royce, was the quiet, working engineer, the man of intense thought and precise calculation.

It has always been my contention that neither of these men alone could have given a name to the world and a word to the dictionary. I knew Sir Henry Royce fairly well and felt the greatest admiration for his technical honesty, his single-mindedness in the pursuit of perfection and his immense engineering knowledge and experience. But it was not until his beautiful creations came into the delicate, daring hands of Rolls that they were seen at their best. Rolls took them and displayed their facets to a dazzled public.

People say that Rolls-Royce do not race. It is not true. The company—it was legally incorporated two years after the historic meeting—founded its fame on racing and has repeatedly put its products to the test of international competition.

It was not only the 1906 Tourist Trophy; it was also the 1929 and 1931 Schneider Trophy races, and only last year it was the world absolute speed record. Let us not be misled into thinking that these products are intended solely for the comfortable carriage of dyspeptic dowagers. Let us always remember the fierce battles that have been fought by men sitting behind Rolls-Royce power units, sporting battles and real battles.

Two aircraft, but only one engine, won the Battle of Britain. In those hectic days, Lord Beaverbrook, living in a room smaller than those in council cottages at his headquarters at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, was conjuring genius out of the country. He was driving everybody hard and he found one man who thrived on it; Lord Hives, now chairman and joint managing director of the company. Beaverbrook slashed red tape to give Hives and A. G. Elliott, chief engineer, their opportunity. They took it and bore throughout the war an immense load.

In the post-war period, when motor-car transmissions were moving towards greater automaticity and when aero-engines were

turning to the turbine, Lord Hives led his team and continues to lead it to-day with unerring judgment. Upon him falls the job of making the major policy decisions, and the achievements of the company provide sufficient evidence that his decisions have been correct.

The resources of the company are enormous. Indeed, it is said that on the aero-engine development side it disposes of greater facilities than the largest United States manufacturers. In the development work one notices the hard, practical approach. Where some people would build one engine to try a new idea, they build half-a-dozen. Where some test new components gingerly, they test them brutally. That is why Rolls-Royce motor-cars, however badly or however well driven, do not blow up. Plenty of tough Derby drivers and their Crewe companions have tried to blow up the prototypes, and only those design features that can withstand the treatment find their way to the customers. "Go on, see if you can break it," seems to be the order of the day!

I have devoted so much space to this fiftieth anniversary of the meeting of Rolls and Royce because I believe that all of us who motor and who fly feel pride in the company's work. We feel that we must offer our congratulations and good wishes.

LITTLE room remains to talk about Goodwood. Yet the opening international meeting was sheer delight. And it is one of the facts of life that the kind of argument that developed between Salvadori in the Maserati and Ken Wharton in the B.R.M. in the final event increases the excitement of the spectators. Although the meaning of the fist-shaking was plain enough, the waving and beating of the side of the car which Salvadori indulged in when passing the paddock did not convey the intended message. It was only afterwards that it emerged that Salvadori was indicating that fuel was leaking from the B.R.M.

The thing that pleased me most about this race was the second place gained by K. McAlpine in a Connaught, because McAlpine is the power behind the Connaught, and I regard this car—as I said last year—as the most promising British racing product. Moreover, the fuel-injection Connaught driven by Rolt seemed from practice times to be the fastest car on the course, although it was giving away half-a-litre to the cars built to the new Formula I. rules.



ON THE EVE OF VICTORY in the I.O.M. Tourist Trophy race, 1906. Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte with E. Short and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who won the event in his Rolls-Royce "Light Twenty."





*Mr. H. J. Morgan, Clerk of the Course, flagging home Ken Wharton, in a B.R.M., to win the Richmond Formula Libre race. This had been extended to twenty-one laps, a distance of fifty miles*

## MOTOR-RACING SEASON OPENED AT GOODWOOD

**O**N Easter Monday, in glorious sunshine, the British international motor-racing season opened at Goodwood before 50,000 spectators. Among other exciting events they saw Reg Parnell, driving a Ferrari, win the first international race in Britain under the new Grand Prix Formula



*Miss Mary Mackenzie and Mr. Hubert Gregg watching Wharton and Salvadori battle for the lead*



*J. Duncan Hamilton, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon discuss the racing*



*A dream comes—partly—true for Alastair and Patrick Jackson, as they range round the pits among the cars*



*Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd and his fiancée, Miss Penelope Behrens, were among spectators in the private enclosure.*



*A. P. R. Rolt, racing a Connaught, adjusted his helmet before the Third Easter Handicap*



*Miss Terry Marshall and Mr. J. Young saw the race for the Chichester Cup from the roof of the private enclosure*

O'Neill



# Variations on A Theme

For our FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK we have picked for you a permutation wardrobe in red and white spotted material. Photographed on the opposite page is Wetherall's charming little gaylin blouse and skirt. The sweater blouse has button-through fastenings mounted on gros-grain ribbon, while the slim-fitting skirt is a wrap-around model, with plenty of room for easy walking. Blouse and skirt cost 5½ gns. each, and on this page we show some other Wetherall models with which they can be teamed.

—MARIEL DEANS



Here you see the sweater blouse worn with Wetherall's matching gaylin jeans. Smoothly cut over the hips, narrow and elegant, these are priced at 6½ gns.

This ice-blue Lincord waterproof with its white saddle-stitching, leather buttons and amusing pockets costs 15½ gns. The little hat made of the same material is only 35s. 9d.

A loose-fitting cardigan jacket in the same gaylin material costs 5½ gns. The pure silk Jacqmar square, Grand National, shown in colour opposite, is here worn as a blouse. It costs £4 9s. 6d.







John French





Noel Mayne

FOR DINNER in the Oliver Messel suite with friends staying at the Dorchester, she wears Roecliff and Chapman's Sudan cotton evening dress in a shadowy blue-green print with large splashes of yellow flowers. The draped skirt is caught up on the side with a big bunch of mimosa



# London Life

*MAY ushers in the beginning of a busy season of social activity. From now till she leaves the city at the end of July, the London hostess will be busy from morning till night, entertaining, being entertained and preparing, as you might say, for the next bout. The photograph on the opposite page shows her in full panoply whilst others indicate what she wears during those morning hours when she sets the scene anew*

—MARIEL DEANS



She has been to the hairdresser and René's commissionaire puts her into a taxi. She wears a coffee-coloured Alpaccine crease-resisting material coat, collarless and cut on loose flowing lines. This is an Asta model from Marshall and Snelgrove, London, and is also available in a variety of pastel shades as well as navy and black

Continued  
overleaf



# ... London Life

BELOW: Time off for a cup of coffee at La Chaumière in Park Lane. She wears "Flash-back," a cocoa-brown and white pure surah suit with a pleated skirt by Jacqmar of Grosvenor St.

RIGHT: Buying flowers at Fortnum & Mason, she wears their fine worsted suit, grey, with a multi-coloured fleck. Double breasted, it fastens with two closely placed rows of smoked pearl buttons and has a neat little turn-over collar. The rose-pink chenil-straw boater and matching gloves come from the same shop









# Débutante

*SCHOOL is behind her, the decorous course of Domestic Science is finished (writes Mariel Deans). Her mother has bought her a whole lot of new clothes and Father, grumbling, has pushed the boat out really generously. A whole summer of pleasure lies before her. All agog with innocent enthusiasm in May, by August she will be—sophisticated. She's being presented, she's going to endless public festivities and private dances, to the opera, the ballet. She stands on the doorstep of life, silly and sweet and full of curiosity—she's a débutante*



ABOVE: Nanny helps her try on her dress for Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball. It comes from Debenham & Freebody's and is made of fine white Chantilly lace worn over a net foundation; a white velvet bow with long streaming ends emphasizes the very pretty bust line

RIGHT: For a party at home, with dancing to her radio-gram, she wears Harvey Nichols's short, strapless evening dress made of white organdie overlaid with navy blue lace. It has a pretty, full skirt and a matching bolero

Continued  
on pages  
298/299











# ... Débutante

*LEFT: She takes herself seriously, attends many charity committee meetings. Here she wears Cresta's grey and white printed silk suit with a straight skirt and three-quarter sleeves. The hat is by Connor*

*BELOW: After last night's party. She compares notes with her best friend, wearing Givan's dark red and white spotted tie-silk dressing-gown. It is piped with white and has white fringed ends to its sash*





## ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

Miss Fiona Mary McKenzie Coats, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Coats, of Carse, Tarbert, Argyll, is to marry Mr. Hugh Campbell Byatt, eldest son of the late Sir Horace Archer Byatt, G.C.M.G., and the late Lady Byatt, M.B.E.



Lenore

Miss Elizabeth Laurie, daughter of Brig. Sir Percy and Lady Laurie, of Wavendon Lodge, Bletchley, is engaged to be married to Lt.-Col. the Hon. M. F. Douglas-Pennant, son of Lord and Lady Penrhyn, of Sholebroke Lodge, Towcester, Northants



Miss Joan Veronica Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale Harris, of Wraybury, Buckinghamshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Christopher F. Morrish, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Morrish, of Staines, Middlesex



## PIGOTT—DAVIS

At St. Mary's, Oatlands, Mr. B. Pigott, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Mountford Pigott, of Weybridge, Surrey, married Miss J. A. Davis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Davis, of Saysmead, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey



## MADDISON—BERNARD

Mr. Vincent Maddison, son of the late Mr. V. A. Maddison and of Mrs. H. Laister, of Redcar, Yorkshire, married Miss Jennifer Christian (Judy) Bernard, only daughter of Lt.-Cdr. H. F. Bernard, R.N. (ret.) and Mrs. H. F. Bernard, of Osirua, Limuru, Kenya, at All Saints' Church, Limuru

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



## STROUD—PETRIE

Mr. Bernard G. Stroud, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Stroud, of Shepperton-on-Thames, married Miss Diana M. Petrie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth S. Petrie, of Chelsea Embankment, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



## McMULLAN—SMITH

At St. James's, Glossop, Surg.-Lt. J. J. McMullan, R.N.V.R., only son of Dr. and Mrs. A. McD. McMullan, of The Paddock, Birstall, Leicestershire, married Miss Patricia Aline Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Smith, of Glossop, Derbyshire



## ZEITLINE—ROBERTS

Dr. L. Zeitline, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Norfolk Place, Hyde Park, W.2, married Miss Jane Roberts, daughter of the late Capt. John Roberts, 19th Hussars, and of Mrs. Roberts, of Norfolk Place, at Paddington Registry Office



## BRADLEY—MORRIS

Mr. Victor H. Bradley, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bradley, of Cromford Way, New Malden, Surrey, married Flt./O. Hazel Morris, daughter of Mr. G. Alan Morris, O.B.E., and Mrs. Morris, of Surbiton at St. Matthew's, Surbiton



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*The Motor, January 20th*

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## Seeing History From Below



Jack Fingleton (right) whose book *The Ashes Crown The Year* has just been published by Collins, talking to Sir Compton Mackenzie at a National Book League v. Authors cricket match

THE devoted servant, a vanishing institution, bids fair to become a romantic theme. Though, indeed, it has not required scarcity to give domestics their place in English fiction—we have novelists loved the old retainer, the crisp-rustling, apple-cheeked Abigail, the majestic cook and the cheeky page-boy. Butlers have inspired urbane prose; and Henry Fielding took for his first hero, in *Joseph Andrews*, a young footman to balance, and it is feared to parody, Samuel Richardson's first heroine, the well-rewarded, virtuous housemaid *Pamela*. To royal servants—that is, servants to royalty—additional interest must attach. Helen Ashton is, therefore, in the tradition, and makes an un-failing appeal to fancy in giving us

**FOOTMAN IN POWDER** (Collins, 12s. 6d.). This book, its author explains, is a panorama of the life and times of George IV seen through the eyes of the royal servants.

There is history seen from below. *Footman In Powder* chiefly follows the fortunes of Jem Wyett, a Brighton youth who starts as hall-boy at the Prince of Wales's new-built Marine Pavilion, and ends as a page of the presence at Windsor, with a silver medal for forty-three years' service. His is the viewpoint from which most events are seen, though a feminine angle on Court life comes in with alert Elizabeth Schultz—daughter of one of Queen Charlotte's German pages, granddaughter of a hothouse gardener at Kew. We also meet, in the story's course, various pages of the bedchamber, who waited upon old King George III in his madness; the maids who dressed Queen Charlotte and her five daughters; the grooms and coachmen in the royal stables and the cooks and scullions in the Palace kitchens.

WYETT himself remains in the service of the Prince of Wales (later George IV), except for the two years when he is attached to the youthful Princess Charlotte's *ménage* in Warwick House—an establishment suddenly disbanded as a punishment for the headstrong girl when Charlotte broke off her first engagement, to "Slender Billy," heir of the House of Orange. Our hero, first met as a dreamy, bewildered boy who learns his exacting profession the hard way, engages our sympathies from the outset—he is that most appealing of figures, the nervous footman; though, of course, assurance comes later on.

The scene shifts, throughout, with the royal movements; the plot is spun by royal caprice. We move from Brighton and the Pavilion to Kew and its Palace (where the old King's shadowed, secluded home life contrasts with his heir's spectacular gaiety). Carlton House, "Prinnie's" London establishment, is succeeded by Montague House, Greenwich, where the Princess of Wales, German Caroline, dwells retired, complaining and causing scandals. Vivacious though short-lived is Warwick House, with its teenage inmates. Lower Lodge, Windsor (the royal family did not yet inhabit the Castle) exemplifies august domesticity; and at Kensington Palace, towards the end of his service, our hero lifts from a carriage the child Victoria.

Miss Ashton invests these passages with a wealth of detail—fascinating views of below-stairs routine, behind-the-scenes glimpses of great occasions. Her feeling for interior decoration, her sense of the character of an epoch and taste for its multifarious trappings seldom can have been used to better effect. We enter into the estimation of character, the unspoken but definite likes and dislikes which lies behind the attitude of all servants. Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Prince's dignified mistress, and Princess Charlotte, whose only tragedy was that her life was not to be long enough, come out particularly well. *Footman In Powder* should please a number of readers for a number of reasons—this late-Georgian period, ever-popular, is seen afresh by being seen "from below."

★ ★ ★

THE END OF AN OLD SONG, by J. D. Scott (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.), strikes a note of beauty as soon as it meets the eye. That is, its title is lovely—surely?—and the water-colour drawing upon its jacket, melancholy-romantic, deserves a prize. The novel itself, when one has begun to read, reveals a classic coolness of style, and an emotion the more felt for being controlled. Mr. Scott, whose fourth novel this is, has the power of holding something in reserve—always, he can evoke more than he states; he steals a march upon our imaginations.

Not the least of the characters in *The End Of An Old Song* is a house—the ancient Kingsbyres, in Scotland, with its undying Jacobite tradition. It is thus described, "The house lay . . . half a mile up the hill, isolated behind a high shabby greenish stone wall that ran beside the road for hundreds of yards, and by great ramparts of trees. . . . Here at Kingsbyres the drive

(Continued on page 313)

## Honest Faces

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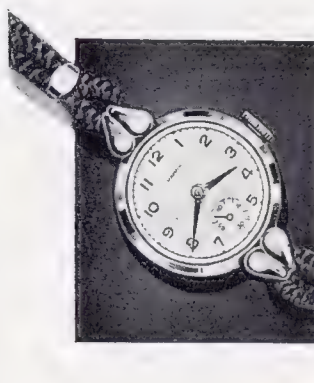
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## BEAUTY

ALL IN THE  
TWINKLING  
OF AN EYE

**A**T last! The answer to a problem, bothersome to all women interested in the up-to-date subject of smart eye-wear. "All very fine," they say, "to advise wearing different coloured frames to go with various frocks, and to change from plain daytime frames to decorated ones for the evening. But how is this to be done?"

How indeed? Even the exceptionally well-dressed woman would find it a strain on her purse if, in order to have a sufficiency of different colours and styles, each change were to mean a completely different pair of spectacles and lenses. Now, however, the problem has been solved with a brand-new invention called "Decolastics." By means of this ingenious idea, dozens of different combinations in colour and ornamental design are applicable to one pair of spectacles. In the twinkling of an eye, a different fitment enables you to have glasses to go with whatever frock you may be wearing.

"Decolastics"—examples of which have been photographed for you to see—are made by Raphael's Ltd., and can be fitted to most normal rimless spectacles. They cost (approximately) from as little as half a guinea up to two guineas (according to the design), and can be had from all consulting or dispensing opticians.

**F**INDING myself—while in pursuance of this eye-wear question—in the company of a group of experts, I took the opportunity of raising various questions which are frequently put to me by my women friends. Questions I may say that I hesitate to answer without first getting reliable information. Here is one of them.

How often should one have one's eyes tested? The reply to this question is—speaking generally—"Every two years unless other advice has been tendered, or symptoms of discomfort have arisen in the interim."

Elaborating this point, I was told that changes of focusing power occur in the eyes so gradually, that while a difference after two years or so may not be apparent to oneself, an eye-sight examination may result in an adjustment to one's glasses, which can be very helpful.

We discussed the question, of bifocals. While these are of great convenience for normal use, increased comfort and more ease can often be obtained by using a pair of reading glasses—made up to one's reading prescription—for long periods.

This applies to the delightful pastime of



With these new "Decolastics," a woman becomes the owner of a veritable "wardrobe" of different spectacles. Obtainable at all consulting or dispensing opticians, price (approximately) from half a guinea to two guineas

reading in bed, with regard to which I learned several points of interest. If you are sitting up against a back-rest, be sure to have your head supported behind, so that the neck muscles are relaxed. Do *not* have the light from an uncurtained window, or from an electric bulb, within your field of vision, but *do* have a really bright light shining on the book from behind you. Never let the reading page get in shadow. Furthermore, adjust your position so that your head is not tilted. The lines of type should be parallel with the line of your eyes.

Something which interests nearly all users of spectacles is the question of contact lenses. Opinion with regard to these seems to be: (a) That there are many people whose eyes are too sensitive to tolerate the

wearing of them. (b) There are others who can only wear them for short periods. (c) Eight hours is considered the normal maximum period for use in every twenty-four hours.

**T**o sum up: contact lenses are at their best when confined to special cases. For example, either where satisfactory vision can be better obtained with them than with ordinary glasses, or for such vocational uses as the theatre or sport, when ordinary spectacles are impossible or at least undesirable. I asked the cost of contact lenses, and was told that it is somewhere in the region of £30 or £40.

J. C.





Beautiful and romantic is this coffee service in "Royal Worcester Watteau Design," which has only just been revived. From Harrods. Price £6 1s. (Early morning set, in same design, can be had for £3 14s.)

Dennis Smith

## HOPPING

# HALL-MARKS OF DISTINCTION

AT heart every woman has the desire to beautify her home and her surroundings. Here, this week, are things that carry the hall-mark of distinction. Not only are they lovely in design, but out of the ordinary. Usefulness, too, has not been forgotten

—JEAN CLELAND



Of unusual distinction are these tiles—felt based to prevent scratching of polished surfaces—with designs taken from the Bayeux tapestries. Price 17s. 6d. each. Exclusive to Harrods



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## A Banquet By Instalments

• Epicure •

THE end of the long road back to the good traditional fare of Britain seems at last in sight.

Butter is off the ration this month, and meat's release will follow shortly.

Yet in the interval of waiting no one seems to have been quite agreed—according to their various dietary or political outlooks—on just what *was* the fare in the days of the "Roast Beef of Old England."

Just at random, take the record of an undergraduate's dinner at Oxford in 1774, as recorded in the diner's diary. "Our first course: as part of a long cod, a chine of mutton, soup, a chicken pie, pudding and roots. The second course, pigeons and asparagus, a fillet of veal with mushrooms and sauce, roasted sweetbreads, hot lobster, apricot tart (and in the middle a pyramid of syllabubs and jellies)."

That should have kept body and soul together until a customary Oxford breakfast on the morrow.

But just how was it that Voltaire came to make that nasty crack about England's "hundred religions but only one sauce?" Professor G. M. Trevelyan has held the theory that Voltaire must have been a travelling companion, or followed in the footsteps, of a certain young German called Moritz, who in the eighteenth century wrote of an English dinner consisting in the ordinary way of a "piece of half-boiled or half-roasted meat; and a few cabbage leaves boiled in plain water; on which they pour a sauce made of flour and butter."

On the other hand, Herr Moritz confirmed what all visitors to Britain should know: that afternoon tea assumes the proportion of a full meal in the daily dietary.

"The fine wheaten bread which I find here," he recorded, "besides excellent butter and Cheshire cheese, makes up for my scanty dinners . . . there is a kind of bread and butter eaten with tea which is toasted by the fire, and is incomparably good. You take one slice after another and hold it to the fire on a long fork till the butter is melted so that it penetrates to a number of slices all at once: this is called 'toast'."

I think that on the whole the man Moritz must have gone to the wrong places. You find Smollett, in *Roderick Random*, describing an ordinary working man's eating place as "a cook shop (filled with) a company of hackney coachmen, chairmen, draymen and a few footmen on board wages or out of place, who sat eating shin of beef, tripe, cowheel and sausages."

Now assume that in the summer of 1954 the great-great-grandson of Herr Moritz arrives in London from Munich (South Dakota): what would he find? One thing I would like him to find would be a seat at a banquet staged by the restaurateurs of the West End in honour of someone highly distinguished—a banquet on the lines of the regal ones of the Lord Mayor, which in past days would often list above sixty dishes (e.g. Pinions of fowl and ragout; fillet of Amphil rabbit; raised pie with snipes).

There was a try-out of just such an affair when an embryo Soho Association rallied round in 1952 and organized a corporate buffet that is still talked about with more than bated breath in the neighbourhood.

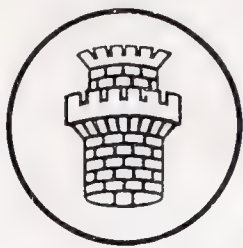
BUT Mr. Roosevelt T. Moritz would have to content himself with enjoying such a banquet only in instalments, as greedy and unpatriotic people often did in the lean years of the past decade, dining in two to three places in one evening to escape the food laws.

He might start off with a sea-food cocktail at *Wheeler's* (one of the celebrants at that trial banquet mentioned above) or at the newly arranged *Ivy*, now controlled by the same management, and still patronized by many stage folk, as for long years past. If he wanted to be sure of oysters even in the English off-season (no "R's" in the month) then he would go to *Mme. Prunier's* very elegant French establishment in St. James's Street. She specializes in the most exotic of sea-foods—a marine gourmet's paradise.

For a magnificent table display of cold viands—a sight that is as good as

(Continued on page 310)





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## Le Versailles

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Continuing—

## A BANQUET BY INSTALMENTS

two cocktails in itself—he might then go on to the *Empress Club* in Berkeley Street. This would be quite in keeping with the banquet motif; cold buffets have always been a characteristic of City spreads.

Just where to move on from here is something of a problem.

Perhaps he might venture a little north of the West End proper to Percy Street, where is the *White Tower*, of which he may have read (as the "Eiffel Tower") in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*. He would find any number of suitable Greek specialities here, and at this stage in his banquet might select *Barbounia Scharas*, which is red mullet grilled on a charcoal fire and served with lemon sauce. Or would he choose an aubergine stuffed with onions, tomatoes and garlic? Or a *soupa Avgolemeno*, which is chicken broth, eggs and lemons.

The Spanish, like the Greeks, make great use of rice.

The visitor might find the *Majorca* in Brewer Street and sample some of their *Paella à la Valenciana*, which is rice into which has been stirred almost everything—lobster, mussels, chicken, pimento, onions, the whole flavoured with saffron. A glass of sherry might precede this; it would admirably bridge the gap between the oysters or sea-food.

WHEN we come to the main attraction of the banquet, difficulty would be experienced. Would it be a (previously ordered) *Mousse de Canard* at the smart *Mirabelle* in Curzon Street? This restaurant has a weather-proof garden for diners out in the summer months and the dish suggested comes from the white meat of a roasted duckling, pounded into a paste with *pâté de foie gras*, added to an egg mixture, and then cunningly moulded back into the framework left of the duck.

Or what of a sight of springtime foliage and a glimpse of the Serpentine from the windows of the *Hyde Park* in Knightsbridge? One of many specialities of this traditional hotel's restaurant is *coq au vin rouge*. It is unlikely that the visitor will ever have tasted the dish in such a richly delicious version.

If the visitor's first names happened to be not "Roosevelt T." but "Guglielmo S.," he might, at this period of the repast, be in search of something like an Italian *Castata alla Pizzaiola*, which is an entrecôte steak done in fresh tomato, garlic and a wine sauce. There are several places where he may be satisfied, but none better than the *Isola Bella* in Frith Street, Soho. If he then wishes to begin to round off his meal in his native style, he could nip back in his taxi and go to the *Basque* in Dover Street, and have a particular speciality of this quiet and characterful little resort, *Zabaglione*: yolk of eggs beaten up with sugar and Madeira, or Marsala or sherry. Delicious when expertly done. And across the way to the *Dover Buttery* for coffee and a liqueur.

At the *Dover Buttery* and two score of other places in London he might arrange to have his whole banquet staged without moving from his table, which would help his digestion and reduce transport charges. He could go to the *Jardin des Gourmets*, an intimate and small place in Greek Street which has exactly lived up to its name for many years past. To Leoni's *Quo Vadis*, almost unique among restaurants in the length of time it has enjoyed a solid popularity. The *Queen's*, off Sloane Square, one of the first of restaurants to carry westwards the best West End standards of cuisine. Or the *Brompton Grill*, nearer South Kensington, which follows the same pattern. And there is the *St. Ermin's*, which under the vastly experienced hand of M. Albert Gilles, for thirteen years manager of the Savoy Hotel, is now asserting itself as a centre for gourmets.

Let us be realists: suppose Mr. Moritz is not a millionaire? Not even a rich American. He can now dine as cheaply in London as almost anywhere in the world. A chance selection of quiet resorts? The *Versailles* in Frith Street, the long popular *Albert's* in Beak Street (young people like this one) and such modest little places as *Chez Michel*, which caught the eye of The TATLER's Isaac Bickerstaff not long ago in the King's Road, Chelsea.

THE time is now ten o'clock. Where do we go from here? Few night resorts in the world have a greater reputation for the distinction of their contributing artists than the *Café de Paris*, on whose small rostrum have appeared most of the big names in after-dinner entertainment, and many others who have never essayed this difficult sphere. The rota of performers reaches back to 1925, and down to 1953 with Noël Coward, and the promise of Marlene Dietrich this summer.

Almost its equal in age and distinguished patronage has been *Quaglin's*, which divides its pleasures into two parts: upstairs, and the intimacy of the *Allegro* below.

What is there about after-midnight that tempts people to walk downstairs?

Most of the best "early morning" resorts seem to require downward steps—the *Colony*, a lively place at the foot of that Square in which the nightingale sings, which maintains its postwar standard; the *Pigalle*, which presents a "tired-business-man" cabaret after the style of the *Bal Tabarin*; and the almost historic *Hatchett's* which, if not a too-late place, has as youthful and faithful a clientèle as you may find near Piccadilly.



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## Book Reviews (Continuing from page 303)

## THE SOLUTION OF A TRIANGLE



was rutted and weedy, the woods overgrown and choked, dark even under the sun, holding the house and its grounds like the dark skin of a plum. As I turned into the drive and began to cycle through the woods I was impatient and excited. For my imagination had fastened upon this house."

AND not for nothing—Kingsbyres is to exert an influence, whether malign or not, upon three of the lives which revolve around it. Patrick Shaw, the "I" of the story, is the son of a master at a nearby school—Nethervale, unattractive "second carbon copy" of an English public school. He is himself a pupil, and he has met, and slowly grown into friendship with, Alistair—whose aunt keeps a village shop, but whose education is being paid for by Capt. Keith, the eccentric Laird of Kingsbyres. Is Capt. Keith Alistair's father?—the possibility haunts the boys' minds. Fateful to both of them is the news that the house is to pass, even temporarily, into strange and exceedingly prosaic hands—a Mr. Harvey, biscuit manufacturer from Glasgow, becomes Capt. Keith's tenant. He moves in, bringing his life and daughter.

Catherine Harvey, however, is so troubling as to be far from prosaic. The two rather backgroundless schoolboys and the spoilt, spontaneous, imperious, calthy schoolgirl drift into a triangular relationship. At the start, Catherine likes Alistair; she and Patrick are having a youthful love affair which carries them further than they know. Later, Alistair, the more forceful character, undermines his friend's position with Catherine—but with, for himself, dire effect. We follow these three intertwined lives forward into their young maturity—they seem to hold for each other some fatality. Alistair experiments with drugs, Catherine with promiscuity—their war marriage, still overhung by Kingsbyres, looks like running upon the rocks. However, there is a break out the stranglehold, a solution.

*The End Of An Old Song* illustrates, I think, the modern romantic attitude to the romantic past—a sort of mistrust, a sort of defiance, but at the same time a love. Without this effluence from the romantic past, this Circe, life would be more liveable; but, at the same time, poorer. In part, also, this novel has the same theme as another published this same season, and reviewed in these pages—American Mark Schorer's *The Wars Of Love*. We treat, that is, with the continuation of youthful passions into the later years. This coincidence—for these two important novels were simultaneously written, in different countries—is interesting: one may compare the treatments.

★ ★ ★

ANGELA JEANS has evolved a *genre* of her own—the domestic-adventure story. She can make the events which surround a house as exciting, as danger-ridden, as any "Western"—cowboys and Indians, though in merely disguise, await or beset one at every turn. *FOR WORSE* (Faber, 6s. 6d.) is her latest instance of this delightful art—a meet successor to *Lath and Plaster* (of a few years ago). We are again in company with that intrepid couple, Leonardo, who writes plays when the mood seizes him, and his wife Beppo, novelist when a thousand-and-one other things do not seize her.

These two's intrepidity takes the form of rehabilitating decrepit houses. In *Lath and Plaster*, work on a lonely farmhouse was fully, if not at once, repaying; for *Worse*, the adventurers are confronted by a far more sinister proposition—a stark, architecturally hideous and long-uninhabited London villa—"built of bricks that had the appearance of black pepper. Semi-detached, and facing a piece of waste land, it backed on to the railway in a part of London once famous for its artists." Express trains to the North, we are later told, roared in or out of a tunnel, drowning all other sounds. Soot was a further difficulty.

The conversion of this into a dwelling of charm provides the story's backbone—nothing goes smoothly, and what a joy (to the reader!) are those vicissitudes. The cast of *For Worse* includes several workmen, the veteran Mr. Plunge, the cat Dusk, Beppo's delightful mother, Beppo's mother's undelightful companion (Miss Bell, known as Hell's Bell), and Rosemary (towards whom Leonardo shows signs of deviating) not to speak of Simon, the schoolboy son.

★ ★ ★

MY NAME IS CELIA, by Rayne Kruger (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), is a thriller with a postwar Berlin setting. Anyone who has lately visited that haunting, haunted and tragic city will be struck by the ruin-descriptions—those who have not should, still, react to the scenes evoked; for Mr. Kruger is a writer of power. He works at high tension, keeping nerves on the stretch. Celia, a smug young Englishwoman (portrayed, I think, with almost too much malice) goes to Berlin to seek for a pot of gold, and finds, what?—a formidable awakening of her own nature. She is the wife of a London surgeon; she is the heiress of a German uncle-by-marriage, believed dead. For reasons connected with her search, she takes up her quarters in the decaying shell of her uncle's once-comfortable home—and, there, encounters amorous adventure. In my view parts of this story are too brutal: one requires relief. But as a picture, and an account, *My Name Is Celia* deserves notice.

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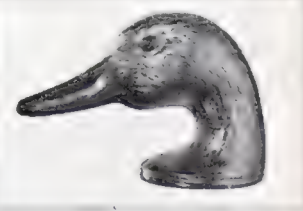
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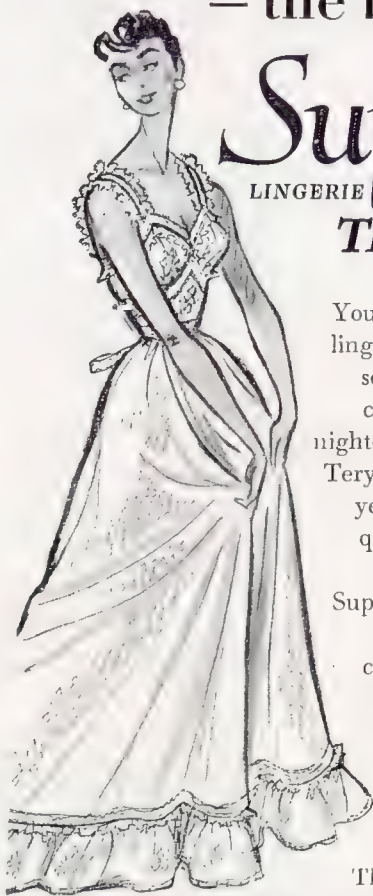
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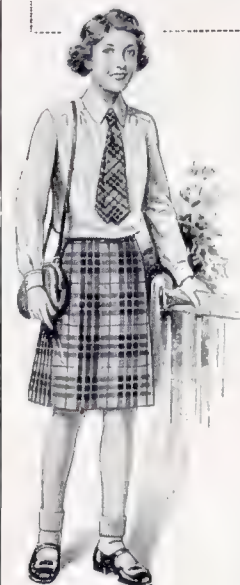
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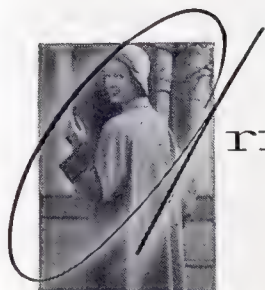
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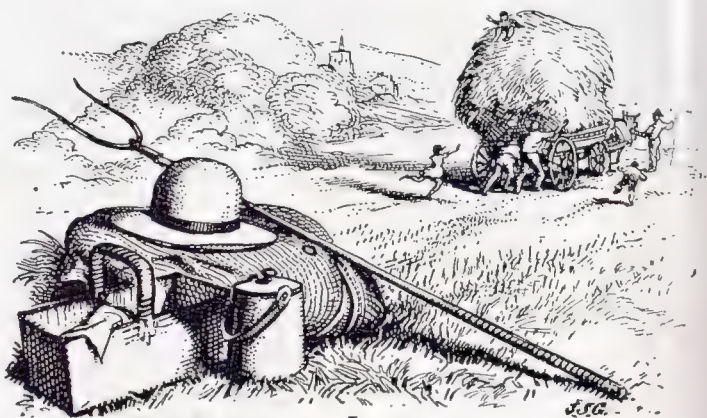
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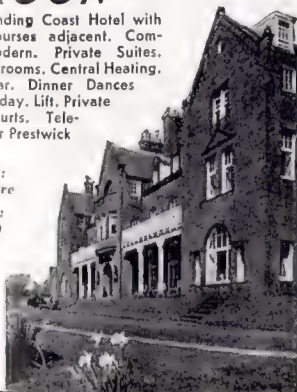
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## MAY

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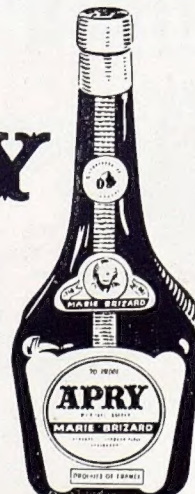
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